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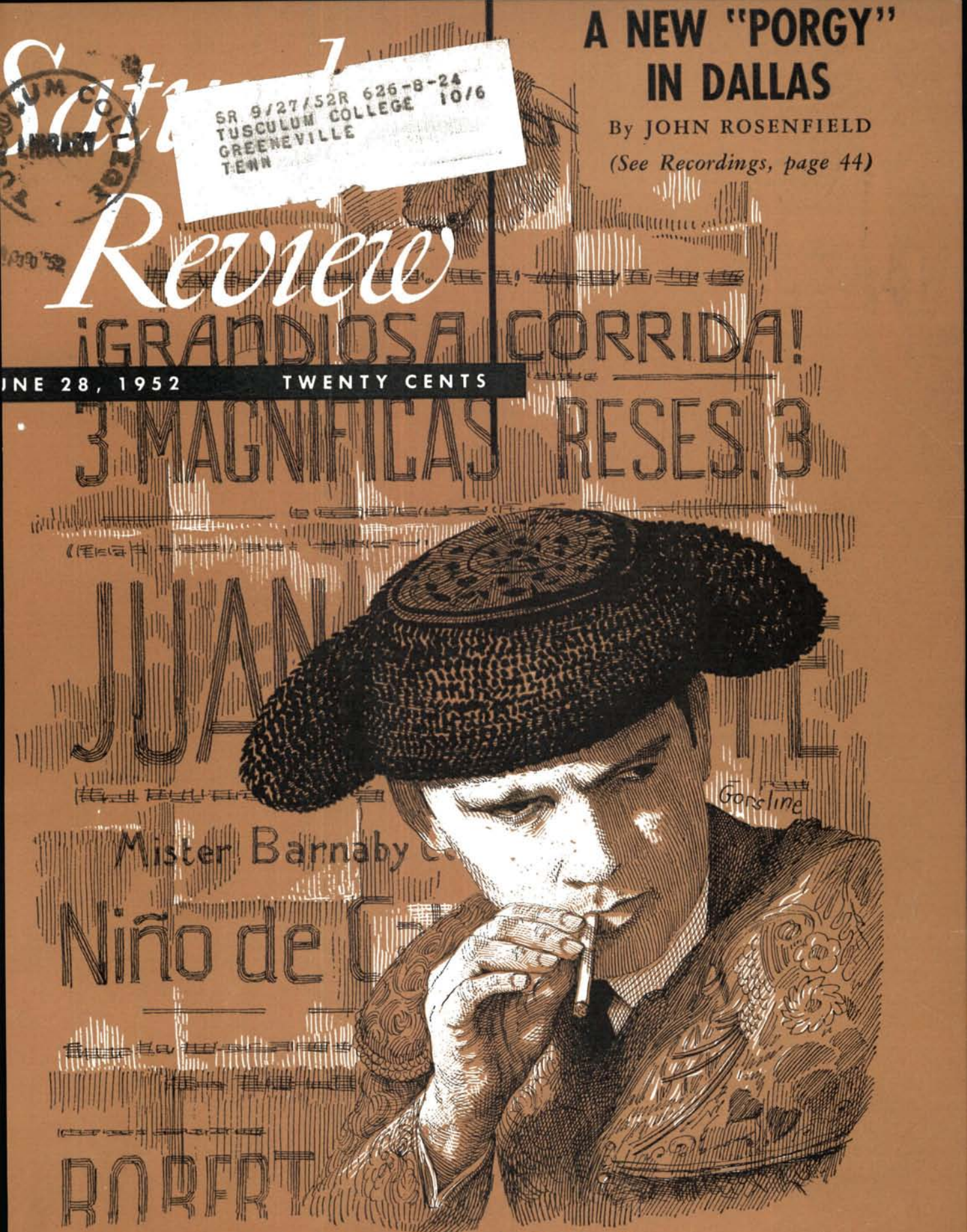
Saturday Review

JUNE 28, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

A NEW "PORGY" IN DALLAS

By JOHN ROSENFIELD

(See Recordings, page 44)



Barnaby Conrad, author of "Matador." *(See page 10)*

History in Doublethink

By ELMER DAVIS

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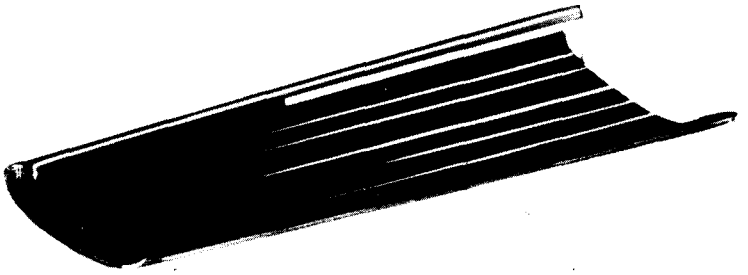

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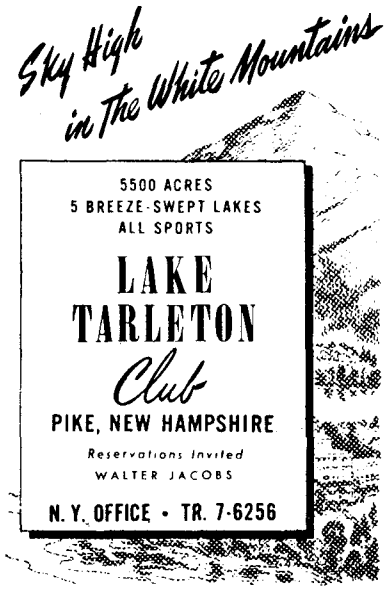

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 28, 1952

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Good News

▸ For going through the entire year of 1951 without a single traffic fatality, 747 cities with more than 5,000 population have won places on the Honor Roll of the National Traffic Safety Contest. The National Safety Council, which conducts the contest, announced that this was an increase of sixteen from the number on the 1950 Honor Roll. The largest no-death city in 1951 was Lawrence, Mass., with a population of 80,500. Hobart, Okla., a city of 5,400 population which state records show has never had a traffic death since its incorporation in 1901, maintained its perfect record through 1951 for the longest sustained performance among cities of more than 5,000 population.

▸ A school where Arab and Jewish children will study together is being built in the Ben Shemen Children's Village near Lod. The school, sponsored by a Christian-Jewish committee, will be named after Dr. Albert Einstein.

▸ In Athens, Greece, Parliament has unanimously granted Greek women the right to vote.

▸ The David Lubin Memorial Library, to be formally inaugurated in June at the headquarters of the Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome, Italy, is the largest agricultural library in Europe. The library is a tribute to David Lubin, an American of Polish origin who was the founder of the International Institute of Agriculture (forerunner of FAO). It is especially rich in its collection of agricultural statistics and has a comprehensive collection on agricultural economics, rural sociology, agricultural legislation, botany, zoology, and chemistry.

▸ Jean Hersholt, the actor and book collector, and Mrs. Hersholt presented part of their collection of the works of Hans Christian Andersen to the Library of Congress. Mr. and Mrs. Hersholt have willed their entire collection of Andersen manuscripts, first editions, and letters in Danish to the Library in gratitude for all this country has brought to them. They have also announced that they will give their Andersen materials in the English language to the Andersen Museum in Odense, Denmark. The collection presented includes one of the few known copies of Andersen's first book, "Youthful Attempts," which was published when he was seventeen, and the only known copy of the later issue (1827) of the same work, which is considered to be the rarest book in Danish literature.

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TRADE Winds

EXPERIENCED BOOKSELLERS KNEW that one new surefire bestseller would mark the official end of the most severe late spring sales slump in years. Whittaker Chambers's "Witness" proved the answer to their prayers. Tom Costain's forthcoming novel, "The Silver Chalice," due in late July, will be their next bonanza. Doubleday expects a sale comparable to those on "The Robe" and "The Cardinal."

The fall has any number of further plums in store. First and foremost is a new Ernest Hemingway novel, "The Old Man and the Sea," already snapped up by the Book-of-the-Month Club and heralded by its publisher (Scribner) as "a new classic; a great book like no other." (Princeton University Press has managed to include consideration of "The Old Man and the Sea" in its forthcoming critical study, "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist," by Carlos Baker.) John Steinbeck's "East of Eden," the longest book he has written, is another sure winner. Much of its story takes place

in his native Salinas Valley in California, and traces the fortunes of one family from the Civil War to 1918.

Edna Ferber's "Giant" is a story about Texas, and partly because many readers will think they can identify leading characters and background will cause a great commotion when it is published. This is Miss Ferber's most important book since "A Peculiar Treasure." Also due: "A Cry of Children," by John Horne Burns; "The Awakening East," by Eleanor Roosevelt; "The Folks at Home," by Margaret Halsey; "A Moon for the Misbegotten," by Eugene O'Neill; "Midcentury Journey," by William Shirer; "The Devils of Loudun," by Aldous Huxley; "Confessors of the Name," by Gladys Schmitt; "Life of Wendell Willkie," by Joseph Barnes; and "Time's Corner," by Nancy Wilson Ross. And Houghton Mifflin are already beating the drum for Madison Cooper's 840,000 word novel (wow!) due for unveiling on October 22. Books like these will still much of the nonsense being bruited about currently to the effect that paper-bound thirty-five-cent originals are going to ruin the existing publishing industry. It isn't really good books that are overpriced; it's trash. Get the junk off publishers' lists and out of the legitimate bookstores and this will be a healthier and more prosperous business all around!

PEOPLE . . . Charles Scribner, Jr., is the fourth of that name to be elected president of his firm. . . . Frank Taylor is the new editor of Dell Publications. . . . Feike Feikema has changed his name to Frederick Manfred. . . . The tragic suicide of Herschel Brickell (a result of persistent ill health) removed from the scene an eminent critic and a thoroughgoing gentleman. . . . Lon Tinkle, of the *Dallas News*, has moved self and family into a new, modernistic villa, built literally over a picturesque lake, that is the talk of the community. . . . Jean Ennis is the new publicity director of Random House. . . . Edna Woolman Chase, longtime editor of *Vogue*, is writing her memoirs for Doubleday, assisted by her famous daughter, Ilka Chase. . . . Bertram Wolff, the Beau Brummel of bookbinders, has charmed Edith Dieu into matrimony. . . . Professor Irwin Edman is summering in Aix-les-Bains. ("Ah," commented an admiring student, "Ham in Aix!"). . . . The *Portland* [Oregon] *Journal* has unmasked the mysterious "Mister Otis" whose paintings and murals have been dazzling art lovers throughout the Northwest. "Mister Otis" is none other than Stewart H. Holbrook. . . . The advertising manager of a certain publishing house assured me that a campaign he was planning was not only "generous, strong, solid, full-scale, and aggressive," but also "major" and "nationwide." Translated into hard cash, this all meant five hundred dollars.

THE *SPOKESMAN-REVIEW*, pioneer newspaper of Spokane, is the subject of Ralph Dyar's informative and colorful "News for an Empire," published by Caxton. Dyar devotes an entire chapter to Stoddard King, whose column was widely read in the Northwest, and whose lyrics for the hit song "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding" earned him more than all his other poems put together. When ex-President Herbert Hoover remarked, "A resoundingly good new joke would be highly beneficial to the whole country," Stoddard King questioned the word "new." "What's wrong with a resoundingly good *old* joke?" he demanded in a burst of indignation applauded vehemently by every columnist and radio comic in America, and then dashed off the following poem:

AN ANTIQUARIAN DISSENTS

The good, new jokes come bravely out
  To face a bitter age;
They wander timidly about
  And go upon the stage.
But even though we hear them sprung
  By experts and with zest,
We do not like our jokes too young—
  The bad old jokes are best.

No tombstone-graven epitaph
  Records the jokes of yore;
We love most heartily to laugh
  At gags we've heard before.
They rouse us to a merry bray
  As they go tottering by—
Though new jokes greet us every day,
  The old ones never die.

Shoot if you must this old gray head,
  But spare Joe Miller, please;
And do not offer me instead
  A fresh, unripened wheeze.
Devote such time as you can spare
  To new-coined humor's quest,
But I shall still depose and swear
  The bad old jokes are best.

OTHER BOOKS ON MY DESK . . . From Century House, in Watkins Glen, New York, come three wonderful, nostalgic volumes for people who love to sing old popular songs: Jack Burton's "Blue Book of Tin Pan Alley" and "Blue Book of Broadway Music," and Larry Freeman's "The Melodies Linger On." Freeman's book in particular, with cover reproductions of songs that used to grace our battered fraternity-house piano in my undergraduate days, sent me back to humming old gems like "Hindustan," "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold," and "He'd Have to Get Under." Century House is making a valuable contribution to Americana. A note to the editor in Watkins Glen will bring you full particulars. . . . Franklin P. Adams, about to resume operations on the air in a televised version of "Information Please," has edited a valuable new 900-page "Book of Quotations" for Funk and

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Wagnalls. . . . Freddie Pearson and Robert Taylor have applied their "Fractured French" technique to the national pastime in "Butchered Baseball" (Barnes). You'll like particularly their conceptions of an "intentional pass" and "no runs, no hits, no errors." Mr. Pearson avers that his wide experience as a diamond great was gained when he went in at right field one afternoon for the sixth-grade team at Miss Overton's school for girls. He got caught in a squeeze play and was sent back to the bushes in a plain manila envelope. . . . Louise Seymour

Jones's "The Human Side of Bookplates," a beautifully produced volume from the Ward Ritchie Press, contains some amusing addenda to the Chris Morley legend. . . . Some of the year's most interesting books are sometimes overlooked entirely by overburdened reviewers—not to mention the compilers of best-seller lists!

OCCASIONALLY A WRITER comes along who can sit down at a typewriter and bang out a column or story at will. Most writers, however, can think of more ways to delay getting down to their work than even a temporary kitchen maid. Lee Rogow cites the case of one Hollywood scenario scripter who simply had to have a job completed by the following morning. His understanding wife disconnected the phone, inserted a fresh page in his typewriter, grabbed both kids by the hand, and left him in sole possession of the premises. They rode to the end of the bus line and back, saw a double feature at the neighborhood movie, and came home at the tag end of the day to see how far daddy had gotten. He hadn't done too badly. As they walked through the door, he was just polishing the last piece of their eighty-piece sterling-silver dinner set.

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 952)

JOHN DOS PASSOS: *CHOSEN COUNTRY*

Lulie was on the back porch hulling strawberries. The whole berries she dropped into a bowl for shortcake. There was berry juice on her cheek. . . . Her sharp pink fingers moved faster and faster. . . . Everything smelt of strawberries.

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 28, 1952

History in Doublethink

ELMER DAVIS

Elmer Davis

HOW long will these ex-Communists and ex-sympathizers abuse the patience of the vast majority which had sense enough never to be Communists or sympathizers at all? They have a constitutional right, of course, to tell us what we must do to be saved; as they have always done. Twenty years ago they were telling us the direct opposite of what they tell us now; but they were just as sure then as now that they had the sole and sufficient key to salvation, and that those who did not accept it were forever damned. One becomes bored.

The arrogance of the ex-Communists is the most irritating thing about them, but not the most dangerous; and for that arrogance they have, in this country, official countenance. Congressional committees always seem willing to take the word of an ex-Communist against that of a man who never was a Communist. This preference may seem in contradiction to the stringent provisions of the McCarran Internal Security Act against the admission into this country of ex-Communists from abroad; but those provisions are only a phase of the protective tariff. The lucrative home market for exposures and revelations must be protected for domestic industry against the pauper labor of Europe. With this Congressional benediction there is some excuse for the ex-Communists to think they are a superior species.

But they thought that when they were Communists too; through a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn in their opinions they have clung to this certainty of their superiority to the unsaved—and to the concomitant certainty that their dogmas, whatever they may be, are complete, perfect, and infallible. This is the mark of the *anima naturaliter totalitariana;* for I suspect it is not so much that Communism is an ineradicable taint, its after-effects lingering in the system after the patient appears to be completely cured, as that it is people of this habit of mind who are most likely to become Communists. It is no accident that so many ex-Communists have become extreme reactionaries; it is remarkable only that some few of them have escaped into sanity. Aside from these saving few, Communist and ex-Communist are only species of the same genus; and I do not see why we should pay any more attention to them now than we did then.

For it is worth remembering, and worth reminding the young—before the ex-Communists pervert history any further—that not very many people did pay attention to them, even twenty years ago when what was then the American way of life (many people thought it was the only way) had come pretty close to breakdown. Some few thought they had found the answer in Technocracy, a somewhat more numerous few in Communism; but most people preferred to try another of the American ways of life; in the Presidential election of 1932, the Communists got a hundred thousand votes out of forty million. In the "intellectual" world the infection was stronger than elsewhere, yet even this turned out to be no more than a temporary nuisance. It spoiled some potentially good writers, it made considerable noise for a while; but it passed like any other fad, leaving as perhaps its principal legacy the angry writings of ex-Communists turned reactionary, who are still telling us what we must do to be saved. Where is their claim to authority? Not in their record.

BUT they seem able to persuade some people who were not there that their aberration was an all but universal aberration. Whittaker Chambers tells us that "from 1930 on a small intellectual army passed over to the Communist party." So it did, and a small army can look like a large army to a man who is in the midst of it; marching in step with his comrades, he might never notice the far larger army on the next road that is headed in the other direction. Alistair Cooke, who was not among us in those days, thought that in Alger Hiss a generation was on trial. That was not true even of his generation of "intellectuals"—not even of young intellectuals who graduated from college, looked around them, and could see no jobs. Some of them fell for Communism; most did not. I suspect that Cooke's friends include some ex-Communists who cannot bring themselves to admit that their error was at all unusual; who must persuade others, as they have already persuaded themselves, that if minds of their quality were deluded, all other minds must have been deluded too.

Elmer Davis, classicist, novelist, essayist, political analyst, and commentator, is a charter contributor to SR. *His radio news summaries early in World War II won him the job of director of the Office of War Information.*

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Deceiving others is not yet too easy; men may write books and editorials and magazine articles, but evidence to the contrary is still available in the libraries. The first essential is to deceive one's self; and that, to the totalitarian mind (whether Communist or ex-Communist), offers little difficulty.

> Control of the past depends above all on the training of memory. To make sure that all written records agree with the orthodoxy of the moment is merely a mechanical act. But it is also necessary to remember that events happened in the desired manner. And if it is necessary to rearrange one's memories or to tamper with written records, then it is necessary to forget that one has done so.

So wrote Emmanuel Goldstein in "The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism" (quoted by George Orwell in "1984"). This, of course, is the well known art of Doublethink; Communists have to learn it, and ex-Communists find it hard to forget. And those of them who have bounced back all the way from one extreme to the other find it easier to keep practising Doublethink because there is one cardinal principle that they have carried with them. They used to tell us that black was white, and damn us for doubting them. Now they admit it is black; but then and now they insist that there is no such thing as gray. If this requires a man to misread history, that is a small matter, so long as it enables him to retain confidence in his own intellectual integrity. And it would be unfair to say that he tries to persuade others to misread history; he remembers that events happened in the desired manner.

These reflections are obviously evoked by the great hullabaloo over "Witness," and will, I presume, be denounced as part of the "moral lynching" of Whittaker Chambers. Well, on the evidence as known, I think Chambers told the truth about his relations with Hiss; I incline to believe him (with some reservations) about most of the other people with whom he claims to have been involved in subversive activities; and he writes with cogency and authority about the strange and turbid inner world of Whittaker Chambers. But he seems to have understood very little of what was going on around him, as is amply proved by his misinterpretations of history cited in the *SR* by Dr. Schlesinger and Professor Morris [*SR* May 24]. A man who felt that he was returning in 1938 to the same world he had left in 1925, and who seems seriously to have accepted the suggestion that the Roosevelt administration might have him shot, had little awareness of objective reality.

THE reason of course is obvious: Communism and the reaction from Communism had been the great fact in Chambers's life; it was inconceivable to him that it was not the great fact, if not in the life of all other individuals, at least in that of the society in which he existed. He quotes, and accepts, Krivitzky's remark that *"there are only revolutionists and counter-revolutionists"*; which Chambers underlines by adding that "in action, there is no middle ground." Yet one of the most protuberant facts of the history of the past twenty years is that there is a middle ground; and that in America and Western Europe the people who hold that middle ground have defeated both extremes. This is a matter of record; but since it doesn't fit in with the divinely handed down interpretation of history it is necessary to remember that events happened in the desired manner, regardless of the facts.

Greater men than Chambers share this habit of mind. I do not suppose that John Dos Passos was ever a Communist; but certainly his sympathies, twenty or thirty years ago, were as near to the red end of the spectrum as they are now to the ultra-violet. At each end, he looked at the world through the appropriately colored glasses; which accounts for his seeing many things so clearly and not seeing many other things at all. He now feels that "we live in a society dedicated to its own destruction. How can it be," he asks, "that in a few short years we have sunk so low?"

The answer is easy; we haven't—except in the opinion of a man who, instead of contrasting 1952 with 1932, merely contrasts his own ideologies of those years.

By coincidence there appeared in print, at about the same time as Dos Passos's melancholy views, a magazine advertisement which shares his opinion and even echoes his words. "We blush for America," says this advertisement; "for to what heights have we risen that we can fall so low?" The particular fall deplored by the advertiser was the repudiation of the terms extorted from General Colson on Koje Island by the kidnappers of General Dodd. This advertisement is signed by a business establishment, and it is perhaps only another coincidence that its address is right around the corner from Communist headquarters and its argument closely follows the current Communist line about Korea. But the touch of Doublethink is on it; and so it is on Dos

(*Continued on page* 30)

—*Sovfoto.*

—*Acme.*

Whittaker Chambers: "In action, there is no middle ground."
Left: Workers' demonstration in Petrograd (1917).
Right: Nazi book-burning at University of Berlin (1933).

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Fiction. *As the debate between Houghton Mifflin's Lovell Thompson and Harper's Cass Canfield in* SR *last week disclosed, the book world is currently concerned about whether original books can be successfully published in paper-bound editions at low prices. In the past, several publishers experimented with the idea without notable success. However, Gold Medal Books has been profitably distributing originals through newsdealers for more than a year, while a new firm, Ballantine Books, plans to enter the field soon with simultaneous publication of originals in both hard and soft covers. Now one of the old-line houses, Macmillan, which relies principally upon bookstores for distribution, has experimentally issued a fine first novel in laminated paper covers at $1.50: John Bell Clayton's "Six Angels at My Back"* (*page* 11) *... Two novels this week are among the best of the season: Barnaby Conrad's "Matador"* (*below*) *and Bhattacharya's "Music for Mohini"* (*page* 12).

Death in Horns

MATADOR. By Barnaby Conrad. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 213 *pp.* $2.75.

By Lon Tinkle

THE literature of the bull ring, a small but select shelf, must make way for a brilliant new addition with the appearance of Barnaby Conrad's "Matador." Mr. Conrad has lived three years in Spain, and in Sevilla, a city not merely beautiful but legendary in its founding by Hercules and in its cult for the bulls, he tutored as a *torero* with the great Juan Belmonte. He is not merely an *aficionado* of bullfighting, but at least a fledgling fighter. To what he knows from the inside he brings in "Matador" a virtuosic skill at dramatic narrative. "Matador" captures the excitement, the pageantry, and the garish splendor of the great contests of bloodshed in the afternoon sun, a feat as rare as it is exciting.

And it is the "inside" knowledge that also gives Mr. Conrad's novel its own special flavor. The distinguished books that have dealt with the art of tauromachy have all proceeded from markedly individual (though dissimilar) personalties. This is true from Blasco Ibañez to Hemingway, from Henry de Montherlant to Tom Lea, from Joseph Peyré (who won the Goncourt Prize in 1935) to Barnaby Conrad. Mr. Conrad's temperament, as shown in "Matador," is a peculiar blend of irony and exuberance. This is a good mixture for reporting so complex and so stylized a drama as a *corrida*. It is also the dosage that prevails in the spiritual make-up of Mr. Conrad's "Matador," the great Pacote, at once aloof and warm.

This point is worth making at the start, for otherwise Mr. Conrad will doubtless be accused of merely having made a fictional report of the "farewell performance" of the historic career of Manolete, who died five years ago (1947) in circumstances almost identical with those in Conrad's story. But whether Barnaby Conrad has drawn his inspiration from the meteoric and short-lived career of Manolete or not, his book exists as successful fiction. The reporting transcends mere reporting; this is a drama of man and his destiny.

Everything conspired on that one fateful day in Sevilla to make Pacote's last fight an immortal one. Only twenty-nine, he was a defeated man before he ever entered the bull ring, a has-been in his profession and in love. He knew that and he also knew he was afraid, mortally afraid.

Betrayed into fighting ferocious Miura bulls not suitable to his style (a fact straight out of Manolete's life) by his jealousy of a young rival, Pacote was further betrayed by the crowd.

And as Pacote did the unforgivable thing on a day of fight, namely turning to liquor, he reminded himself of the saying that the great Juan Belmonte loved to quote from Blasco Ibañez: "The only beast in the Plaza de Toros is the crowd."

For the crowd had made Pacote into a myth, into something bigger than himself and most certainly bigger than the crowd, a hero. If the crowd merely needed from Pacote the thrill of exhilarating emotions, he would have stopped on that tragic day when, despite his drunkenness and his disillusion in love, he had saved his skin.

But the compulsion of fate made

—*Fotografía Serrano.*

Bullfight in Seville—"pageantry and garish splendor."

Lon Tinkle is the book review editor of the Dallas News.

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him redeem himself, made him call for the substitute bull after he had not merely disappointed but also disgusted the crowd. It was an act of redemption that included the audience and Pacote himself, an act that gave both a glorious day.

What Pacote did is for Mr. Conrad to tell. It makes about as thrilling an experience as you can have of the bull ring short of having seen Manolete himself. The drama rises to a climax perfectly legitimate but wholly unexpected. It is told in a pace that reaches real velocity.

But what Pacote symbolized, one may try to say. Violence—and here is a real "novel of violence"—and death meet their match in courage. But courage, which is born of fear, is a mythic response, a hero-pattern in action. Pacote is not just a bull fighter, a "matador," an individual. He is more than himself, which is another way, if a cryptic one, to define a hero.

But you don't have to accept bullfighting as heroic to find "Matador" absorbing reading. And it is no diminution of Mr. Conrad's achievement to say that he writes from less esthetic conscience than Hemingway and Tom Lea. Story value, one suspects, counts for more with the author of "Matador" than anything else. But it is good to have some novelists like that, or who will replace Maugham?

Some day we hope to read a novel about bullfighting in which the author's expertness with matadors and bulls will also extend to women. Some myths ought to get a rest, particularly that of Carmen.

The Tenant

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

IF this, my flesh, O soul,
Is but your brief address
From which, unscathed and whole,
You'll presently egress,
When did your lease begin?
At my nativity?
Or did you enter in
A younger foetal me?
Did you commence your term
At the dramatic meeting
Of ovum and of sperm?
Or were you already waiting
Within the ovoid cavern?
Or in the virile cell?
And was that little tavern
A later place to dwell?
Had you a plasmic home,
An earlier apartment
Within the chromosome,
Some gene in its assortment?
Not whither, soul, but whence;
O fleet angelic flame,
What was your residence
Before my body came?

Poor Floridian Fish

SIX ANGELS AT MY BACK. By John Bell Clayton. New York: Macmillan Co. 200 pp. $1.50.

By Pat Frank

FLORIDA is not entirely a bright land. It is not all white sand, blue seas, yellow convertibles, striped cabanas, tanned girls, and pastel houses. Underneath there is a foul human sludge, unseen by the tourists and purposefully overlooked by the permanent population. It is about this human sludge—the struggling fisherfolk, ignorant crackers, Kluxing deputy sheriffs, and sadistic criminal drifters—that John Bell Clayton tells his story. This is the first novel of an experienced and deft writer. It is very, very good.

I wanted to get all this off my chest right in the beginning, because I hold by the old saw that you can't judge a book by its cover, and in this case the cover, while attractive in design, is of laminated paper. The publication of an original work within paper covers is a noble experiment by the Macmillan Company, and perhaps will cause more comment than the contents of the novel itself.

Macmillan apparently has recognized that not all the troubles of publishing are due to the excessive use of gasoline and television addiction on the part of the American public. Hard-back books are too blamed high. By eliminating the hard back Macmillan is able to offer this novel at $1.50, which to my mind is a return to the age of reason.

Mr. Clayton writes mostly of three young people. There is Mae, who is a bit of a slut, but who is so beautiful of body and utterly feminine in her pathetic desires and ambitions that she must be forgiven; Turkey, her courageous and bitter husband; and Ed Greaver, their best friend, who tells the story. They live together in Ed's shanty on the Gulf Coast, and make a living fishing and mowing the lawns on the big estates, and later stealing. About every forty pages Mae tries to seduce Ed, and it seems incongruous that she fails, for she is a most winsome creature. Besides, Ed is in love with her.

These three are like the hunted tidewater minnows, the normal prey of the human sharks, moray eels, toadfish, and stingarees that live in the ooze that the tourist never penetrates. When the minnows attempt to fight back, the result is inevitable.

Among the least deadly of their enemies are Figger Keller, who practically owns the community, and his son, Cleatus, who is described as "a big, fat-assed, slue-footed slob with buck teeth. We didn't like him because he was a snot and a know-it-all and a bastard, and if that wasn't reason enough he was a deputy sheriff too."

Then there is Limp, Mae's cousin, but an expert with a switchblade, and Bible, a huge and maniacal murderer. The reader witnesses, as vividly as if he were present, a crime of violence that you would prefer to believe could not happen. But after reading of it, and thinking about it, you know that such crimes do happen, and they happen in the way that Mr. Clayton describes.

The title, "Six Angels At My Back," is intriguing, but it has very little to do with the story. And this reviewer has a personal objection to stream-of-consciousness flashbacks that break up an absorbing denouement.

Mr. Clayton is a former Virginia and Washington newspaperman who knows Florida's dark side. He now lives in California. His short stories have appeared in national magazines, and he was the 1947 winner of the O. Henry Memorial first prize. His first novel may have paper covers, but it will dishonor no library.

John Bell Clayton—"experienced and deft."

Pat Frank, war correspondent and novelist, has been a long-time resident of Florida. He is the author of "Mr. Adam" and the recently published novel "Hold Back the Night."

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Alien Rhythms in Our Prose

MUSIC FOR MOHINI. By Bhabani Bhattacharya. New York: Crown Publishers. 251 pp. $3.

By Robert Payne

THE English language is being perpetually renewed from abroad. Italian and French worked on the English tongue in the age of Elizabeth, so that there are times when even Shakespeare seems to be thinking in some language which is not English so much as a compendium of two or three languages. There is richness in this diversity. Now, when all the world this side of the Curtain knows some English, we can expect increasingly to come upon books written by foreigners who know our language well, yet they write it with prose rhythms borrowed from their native tongues and their resourcefulness leads them to invent phrases which would never occur to an Englishman or an American. Think of the wonderfully embroidered rhythms of Joseph Conrad, who wrote in English though some part of his mind was still thinking in Polish. At another remove there is Arthur Waley's version of the "Tale of Genji," where by some miracle the very sounds of Japanese are somehow conveyed to the modern reader, as the rhythms of Proust haunt us throughout Scott Moncrieff's version of "Remembrance of Things Past."

So it is with Bhabani Bhattacharya's "Music for Mohini." He writes in a language which is not English, yet all the words are English. The story he tells could not be simpler: a girl marries and in the course of time produces a child. The girl is city-bred: her husband, a Sanskrit scholar, has his heart in a remote village, and there he takes her after marriage. This is all.

But with what charity and honesty and quiet perceptive vision Bhattacharya introduces us to the atmosphere in which she lives! The large ancestral house is here with its wall-paintings, so are the great safe in the bedroom where the records of the ancestors are kept, the white owls flocking on the roof, the hyacinths which must not be removed from the sacred pool of the crocodile god—that crocodile which no one has seen, though nearly everyone believes in its existence until the day comes when a child is thought to be drowned in the pool: then when the pool is dredged, and there is neither child nor crocodile, the game is up.

It is in such small and legendary things that Bhattacharya delights. He tells of the village children who climb the trees to loop red neck-strings around the crows. Why? There is no reason except the beauty and daring of the thing. He tells of the beggar woman who lives in a two-room hovel under a tamarind tree, who buried her coppers under the earth floor and placed a small circular chalk mark on the wall for every copper she possessed. She dreamed that in old age the wall would be a mass of chalk marks, and when we leave her, she is chuckling quietly at a wall which in her imagination is radiant with white chalk.

When Mohini's child fails to come early in the marriage, she follows the village custom: she will stand on the terrace and drink in the moon with her eyes while sipping milk. She battles against her old mother-in-law, but clearly the battle is one-sided. The mother-in-law disapproves of the new customs, and sometimes, as when she takes Mohini to a temple and orders her to cut off part of her breast as an offering to the goddess, we realize that the ritual patterns of the past are cruel and excessive; but the mother-in-law's wisdom remains. When Mohini proclaims that she belongs to the New India and has done with the old enslaving orthodox ways, the mother-in-law answers unanswerably: "How can we live without our past? Time is our earth, the earth which feeds our roots. Faith will not be denied. Give yourself to the goddess with grace, if not with faith." So in the end the village absorbs Mohini's feverish and delightful grace and some of that impulsiveness which goes by the name of New India, but the fundamental archetypal patterns remain virtually unaltered.

We live in a land where no one blows conches to the goddess of dusk; our marriage ceremonies are usually empty of vast ornament; we no longer believe there are gods laughing in the alder-trees. It seems a pity. In the village of Behula, where Mohini lived with Jayadev, the conches are blown and marriage ceremonies are tumul-

(*Continued on page* 33)

Robert Payne is the author of many books on Asia including the novel "The Young Emperor."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

GLUTTONS AND GOURMETS

Albert W. Dowling, of Baltimore, Maryland, asks you to identify the author and the title of the book from which these quotations are taken. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. Buck ladled grits into his plate and scooped a hole in the center for the fried eggs and gravy.
2. With jellies smoother than the creamy curd, and lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon.
3. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. (*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*)
4. Are at their savory dinner set of herbs and other country messes.
5. A dirty waiting boy with a shiny black apron came near him, and he called out to him, "Two bowls of noodles!" And when they were come, he ate them down greedily, pushing them into his mouth with his bamboo chopsticks.
6. At breakfast, Father would put down his coffee cup in disgust and roar, "Slops!"
7. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.
8. Pure olive oil. Milly served me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley. Take one Spanish onion. God made food, the devil the cooks. Deviled crab.
9. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons.
10. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting pig running around with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce.

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U.S.A. *The open season on Chicago continues. A. J. Liebling, one of* The New Yorker's *most perceptive reporters, had barely finished firing pot-shots at "Chicago: The Second City"* (SR *June* 21), *when Virgil W. Peterson opened fire in "Barbarians in Our Midst," reviewed below. Mr. Peterson takes a narrower target than Mr. Liebling—lawlessness in Chicago—but since he writes as operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, he probably hits his bull's-eye more often. Crime, as Peterson's book reminds us, is not peculiar to any locality. Nor is racial and religious discrimination, another pressing social problem reported on by Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Forster in "The Trouble-Makers"* (*page* 14). . . . *One corner of U.S.A. whose history and legends have for the most part escaped the attention of American regional writers is now chronicled with vivacity and authority by Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood in "The Chattanooga Country," reviewed on page* 15.

Government by Shiv

BARBARIANS IN OUR MIDST. By Virgil W. Peterson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 395 *pp.* $4.50.

By John Bartlow Martin

CONFRONTED with civic wrath at crooked politicians, gamblers, saloonkeepers, and brothelkeepers, the Chicago City Council resolved: "The fair name of the city has been traduced and vilified, and the impression has been spread around that Chicago is not only a sinkhole of iniquity and corruption, but infested with thieves, bummers, ballot-box stuffers, and disreputable characters generally. . . . The city council hereby most vehemently denounces such utterances and characterizes them as malicious and unfounded. . . ."

The year was 1885. But it might have been almost any year since. Chicago politicians have always been quicker to defend their city's fair name than to clean up their city's politics. Did they assail corruption as vigorously as they assail their critics, they would have fewer critics.

It would seem safe to predict that this book will be attacked as a vilification of Chicago's fair name. Whoever makes the attack will be a good man to watch closely.

Such an attack will be nothing new to Virgil Peterson, the author of this book. For he is operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, a citizens' group. On numerous occasions Mr. Peterson has stepped on politicians' toes and they have wrapped themselves in the American flag and talked about the city's fair name. Most of those politicians are now out of office, or on their way out. Peterson and the Commission are going strong.

Politicians won't like this book. It is a survey of the history of the alliance between crime and politics in Chicago. Above all, it makes clear that this alliance is nothing new. The conditions exposed by Senator Kefauver have existed in Chicago at least since the 1870's. They have existed in other cities just as long. As Senator Kefauver notes in his foreword to the book, "And, mind you, while he is writing about Chicago, do not grow smug if you live elsewhere."

Mr. Peterson has been working on this book in his spare time for seven years. He has drawn on the massive files of the Crime Commission. He has documented the deeds and misdeeds of the city's open and hidden rulers from the beginning, with special emphasis on the period since the 1870's, when Mike McDonald put together what Mr. Peterson considers "Chicago's first real political machine." Here are the lives and times of such men as Mont Tennes, who established the first handbook gambling monopoly based on control of the horserace wire service; Johnny Torrio, whom "Big Jim" Colosimo imported to protect him from the Mafia (the cure proved worse than the disease); Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, who did so much to promote the "wide-open town"; Mayor Anton Cermak, who put together the political machine that still rules Chicago; Mayor Ed Kelly, who knew how to run the machine; Al Capone, and the heirs to his power and riches, men like Frank Nitti and Paul Ricca and Tony Accardo.

This book is the best on its subject. Here, boiled down, are the thirty-year files of the Crime Commission. In one sense, the book is a monument to the Commission's work. It will be useful for years to come to students of the subject. There is little new information in it—but the information takes on new meaning because Mr. Peterson has knit together the multitudinous scattered facts. That has been his contribution, as in a larger sense it has been the Commission's contributions: To get the facts before the public in a manageable form.

Alliances between criminals and politicians are extremely dangerous. They constitute, as Mr. Peterson and Senator Kefauver and others keep telling anybody who'll listen, a real threat to the American democracy. In his last chapter, the broadest and perhaps the best, Mr. Peterson draws some conclusions. He offers the bedeviled citizen no new solution. Eternal vigilance by individuals, political action on the community level—these are old weapons. But they are the only ones. And Mr. Peterson tells how to use them.

John Bartlow Martin is the author of "Butcher's Dozen" and other books.

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Twentieth-Century Mohocks

THE TROUBLE-MAKERS. By Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Forster. New York: Doubleday & Co. 317 pp. $3.50.

By Bartley C. Crum

HARD-hitting, objective, brutally frank, the closely-knit pages of this book reflect a major internal problem of our functioning democracy—"the peddlers and practitioners of prejudice" and what to do with them.

As the authors, Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Forster, say, there is in our country "a vast enterprise of prejudice, bigotry, and what frequently may only be described as psychopathic hatred." Its ostensible victims are the members of minority groups, the Catholics, the Jews, and the Negroes. But its real victim is the United States. For whoever wins the allegiance of American minds determines the road down which the United States will travel in the hard days ahead; and, to a considerable extent, the road which a large part of the world will travel as well. In his admirable preface, Judge Meyer Steinbrink points out that though we live in a disturbed and fearful world, at least we are agreed on the issue of peace or war, where the trouble lies, and who the international trouble-makers are. Not so within. Our internal problems are not easy to define, and our domestic trouble-makers not always easily recognized. Yet in the particular field covered by this book—our treatment of minorities—a failure to define the problem, and to unmask the trouble-makers, may cause us to lose the battle for freedom into which the fortunes and the blood of the American people are being poured today.

The fact is that most of the people of the world differ from us in religion and in color. And, as we treat our minority groups in the United States, so may we expect to be treated by the rest of the world in which *we* are the minority. In short, if we fail to measure up to our promises, if the appeals of these trouble-makers to religious bigotry and racial prejudice warp the judgment of our people and pervert the aims of our Government, the American people will be in great and perhaps disastrous trouble.

This carefully documented report of the Anti-Defamation League covers only one year, a shocking and tragic year, one which must give much comfort to the enemies of democracy. The authors have selected, from the "astonishing stream of evidence" that pours across their desk day in and day out, only a small portion of their proof. In this short period, there occurred the vandalism last July in Cicero, Illinois, in which rioting hoodlums wrecked an apartment house into which a young Negro veteran, Harvey E. Clark, Jr., sought to move; character assassination by the hundreds; the Christmas night murders of Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Moore; the attempt to dynamite the St. Peter and St. Paul Catholic Church in Miami. There were in this same short space of time nine unsolved racial bombings in Birmingham, more than nineteen attacks on Negro residents in Chicago during a five months period, and similar violence in Detroit, Baltimore, Spokane, and Atlanta. In addition there was the monstrous smear of Anna M. Rosenberg in November 1950 (fortunately unsuccessful) on the eve of her appointment to the Defense Department.

It is these, and other shameful events—the dreadful end-result of bigotry and prejudice—which first induced the authors to write this book, naming names, stating how the trouble-makers misuse free speech, and how they subvert American education and information. But the intimate and detailed studies of the anti-Jewish, anti-Negro, and anti-Catholic hate-mongers were not made wholly because of this; the authors rightly assert that, as American citizens the trouble-makers have, and must continue to have, the privilege of free speech, regardless of how strenuously we or others may disagree with them. There is a larger perspective, though, in which the trouble-makers must be viewed—their danger to a nation, confronted with powerful and ruthless enemies, in daily danger of global conflict, and the impact they make upon the American mind. At such a critical juncture, an important responsibility is necessarily borne by the American citizen, who must pass on an endless succession of issues. For ours is still a government, in the final analysis, by an informed public opinion; and the judgments based on that opinion must be sane, wise, and free from hysteria, if our country is to survive. Such judgments cannot be wise or sane if they are poisoned by bigotry and prejudice. In the language of the authors, "it is they—the breeders of hate and the midwives of hysteria—who create friction and disharmony among us; who encourage suspicion of our fellow citizens; who set group against group within the nation." As such, the authors argue, the trouble-makers have become a major menace, swaying our judgments, sabotaging our country, and feeding those abroad who hail every failure of democracy to divide us from the free world.

Senator Wayne Morse has said of "The Trouble-Makers" that it is "an exciting exposé of the subversive leaders on the right and the left, whose aims are to confuse and divide the American people." But it is, I venture to think, more than that; it is an important contribution in the everlasting fight to bring closer the realization of a fundamental goal of our society—freedom from fear.

—Acme.

Quelling the Cicero riot—"poisoned by bigotry and prejudice."

Bartley C. Crum, author of "Behind the Silken Curtain," practises law in New York City.

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"Nolichucky" & Estes

THE CHATTANOOGA COUNTRY 1540-1951: From Tomahawks to TVA. By Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 509 pp. $5.

By Ralph Morrissey

VITAL currents and curling eddies of history have swirled about Chattanooga from the time DeSoto thrust up from Florida in 1540 until the present era of a full-flowering TVA. Since forces of national interest started cutting across the Chattanooga country as early as the French and Indian Wars and since its history is so characteristic of frontier development, the region is, in the view of Messrs. Govan and Livingood, a "microcosm of America."

Cradled in the Moccasin Bend of the Tennessee River and walled by precipitous Lookout and Signal Mountains and Walden and Missionary Ridges, Chattanooga possesses a topography whose magnificence has been glowingly described since early days. The city's annals, too, have been rather fully recorded. The approach of Govan and Livingood, however, is much wider. As they say in their foreword: "It is the purpose of the authors to attempt something more than a provincial study of a few acres. Our goal has been to examine the many experiences of the people of the Chattanooga region in the light of local, state, and national events and to see how they were influenced by or contributed to the greater stream of history."

Before the ever-dominant backdrop of Lookout Mountain and the turbulent Tennessee River marches a long procession of colorful characters including John "Nolichucky Jack" Sevier, Dragging Canoe (the fiery Chickamauga chief), John Ross of the Cherokees, Sequoyah (originator of the Cherokee alphabet), President James Monroe, Generals Grant, Rosecrans, Bragg and Joseph E. Johnston, Jefferson Davis, Adolph S. Ochs, and Estes Kefauver.

The early history of the East Tennessee region is the familiar story of the insatiable push westward to new frontiers. However, the rugged mountains and treacherous streams served as a natural fortification from which the Indians harassed the pioneers. Though navigable from its upper reaches to Chattanooga, there the Tennessee plunged wildly into the mountains, dashing against hidden rocks and shoals. Only the hardiest of pioneers dared venture through the "Suck," the "Boiling Pot," the "Frying Pan," and the "Tumbling Shoals."

Livingood and Govan—"ten years distilling the essence."

Highlights of the area's history follow in rapid succession from the inevitable victory over the Indians and their expulsion over "The Trail Where They Cried," the rapid growth and transformation of Ross's Landing into the town of Chattanooga, its beginnings as an industrial and rail center, the advent of secession and the Civil War with its "battles above the clouds," the eventual rebuilding of the conquered town, and the emergence of the modern city and the TVA.

With the completion of the TVA dams the rambunctious Tennessee finally met its master. Tamed are its murderous whirlpools, its "Boiling Pot" and "Skillet." Its once unmanageable waters are now navigable from source to mouth and its floods are brought under control. Of inestimable value, too, is the revolutionizing of life in rural areas by electric power.

The authors, both on the faculty of the University of Chattanooga, have spent ten years distilling the essence of innumerable books, pamphlets, letters, diaries, and other material, combining in one volume the political, economic, and social history of the region. It is to be hoped, however, that the rather formidable format, the mass of footnotes, and the lack of illustrations will not frighten the reader, even if the closely packed pages occasionally make reading rather slow.

Though Govan and Livingood have garnered enough material for several books, they have nevertheless done a splendid job of selecting and integrating the diverse, scattered facts into a well-balanced whole and have produced a scholarly addition to regional literature which should do much to make this country better known.

Ralph Morrissey is the book editor of the Nashville Tennessean.

U.S.A. Notes

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE. By Claude M. Fuess. Columbia University Press. $5. When Joseph Bartlett Eastman was appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1918, he was the youngest man who had ever received that distinction. He served under five Presidents, four of whom he voted against (he was for Roosevelt in 1932 and 1936 but not in 1940). He had no party affiliations. He was a minister's son, but he belonged to no church. He never married. He had no official car —"I never really need one." But he performed his duties for a quarter of a century with competence, devotion, selflessness, an unremitting consciousness of his obligations as a public servant, and an intense interest in his job (supported, it should be added, by the balance-wheel of a sense of humor). Mr. Fuess's life of Eastman (they were at Amherst together, with Eastman a year ahead) does not aim at "undiluted eulogy," but "I cannot deny," says Mr. Fuess of his subject, "that I am prejudiced in his favor and believe that he deserves well of his countrymen." Mr. Fuess is too sound a practitioner of biography for the reader to feel the slightest concern over any possible bias. Eastman, as modest as he was capable, would not regard his modesty as compromised by this careful piece of historical portraiture.

PAWNEE INDIANS. By George E. Hyde. University of Denver Press. $7.50. This is a solid, meaty, fully-annotated account of a Plains Indian tribe that preferred peace to war, attained a higher pitch of civilization than its neighbors, and survived no more handily than the rowdiest of the troublemakers. Their very friendliness militated against the Pawnees—it was the old story of the squeaking axle getting the grease. "There are almost no full-blooded Pawnees left today," concludes Mr. Hyde, an Omaha bookseller who since boyhood has sedulously cultivated an intelligent and effective interest in the Plains Indians. Actually there are still perhaps a thousand Pawnees, as against five to ten times that number a century and more ago; there has been a steady increase since early in the present century. Mr. Hyde is neither romanticist nor sentimentalist; he is factual and straightforward, and offers sound historical and anthropological findings based on research and field work, but he obviously, and properly, entertains a strong sympathy toward these home-grown displaced persons. There are good illustrations and helpful maps. —John T. Winterich.

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Man & Nature. *Every era has had its men anxious To Get Away from It All, but probably none has had as many as the Atomic Age. If this season's books are a fair criterion, the tropical isle has been displaced by more frigid climes as the favorite refuge of armchair escapists. The Arctic is the scene of the adventures experienced and described by Constance and Harmon Helmericks in "The Flight of the Arctic Tern" (below), Farley Mowat's "People of the Deer" (page 17), and Lord Tweedsmuir's "Hudson's Bay Trader" (page 18); Peter Freuchen has written a fascinating fictionalized account of an Indian tribe in Russian Alaska a century ago in "The Law of Larion" (page 17). A desolate, wind-swept island is the scene of Arthur Sholes's tribulations in "Fourteen Men" (page 18). Vicarious adventure of another sort is available through "Sailing to Freedom," (page 19), a moving account of a heroic transatlantic voyage to escape the Soviet NKVD.*

North of the Frozen Frontiers

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARCTIC TERN. By Constance and Harmon Helmericks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 321 pp. $4.50.

By Richard Peckham

THE Helmericks are by this time among the best known of Arctic writer-travelers. They spend a good part of each year in and about Alaska and, during the remaining months, go about the country lecturing and showing their pictures and Eskimo "costumes," as Mrs. Helmericks calls them. They are among those enviable people who have been able to do what they wanted to do and to make it pay. This happy situation is not the result of accident.

Anyone familiar with their earlier books will see the gradual development of this extraordinary exploring team from shoestring economy to affluence. From the time they first pushed up river, north of the Yukon, to find the country which they were to make their own, it never occurred to them that they could not do what they wished to do or that they could fail to find the means to do it. In Arctic Alaska and Canada this takes courage and resourcefulness as well as determination.

This new book shows how far those combined qualities have carried them. Here is a narrative of adventure which to those unfamiliar with the history, climate, and topography of the American Arctic may seem less remarkable then it is. Connie and Bud Helmericks, after a sketchy three months of flying instruction, bought a small—eighty-five horse power—float plane and took off from Westport, Conn., via Boston, for Hughes, Alaska, in the center of the region which they had adopted as their own. They had already picked out a lake (not on the map) which was theirs for the taking. Here, on the southern side of the Brooks Range of the Arctic Circle, they built a base cabin from which they took off on journey after journey over northern Alaska and northeastern Canada which carried them from Point Barrow to the eastern side of Coronation Gulf, an airline distance of at least twelve hundred miles. All in all they must have covered more than ten times that distance in the air with only minor mishaps. Flying in the Arctic—in summer at least—is not just a matter of going from one airport to another. Most of the landmarks are not on the map. The compass, because of the nearness of the erratic North Magnetic pole, is unreliable, and you can never tell what kind of surface you may have to land on. You may start off with floats and find that you need wheels to land or if you have wheels you may be unable to take off without skis. Bud Helmericks seems to have had an instinct for this sort of flying. The fact that in all his miles of bush piloting he did not get into any serious trouble, in spite of a plane of limited range, one which was too light for the work it was doing, makes him look extremely good.

No one should think that there is nothing but adventure in this fascinating book. There are, above all, people. Missionaries, teachers, mounties, pilots, pioneers, soldiers and most important, Eskimo. Mrs. Helmericks gives an excellent and appealing picture of the changes which have come over the American Arctic and its people since the war. Congressional stupidity, the Army and Navy and the airplane have combined to nullify the Eskimo's natural adaptability and are beginning to make of his wonderful world something with which he will soon be unable to cope. The time has come when he should be treated as a citizen and not as a step-child.

A great many people will envy the Helmericks their life and their enthusiasm for it and still more will simply be glad to hear about it. Mrs. Helmericks is occasionally careless with statements—such as that she reached Boston by flying north from Westport, or that Kotzibue, Alaska, is one hundred miles from Nome (it is almost twice that)—and the publishers were remiss in not providing her book with a map, but the story of the *Arctic Tern* is both refreshing and valuable.

The Helmericks—"courage and resourcefulness."

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Stupidity & Ruin

PEOPLE OF THE DEER. By Farley Mowat. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 344 pp. $4.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

HERE is a really great book; outstanding not because of literary form, though the author writes vividly and uses a refreshingly large vocabulary, nor because of any grandiose plan, for, frankly, it has none. Rather, is it great, and sometimes truly terrific, by reason of its content and its impact. Farley Mowat approached his subject humbly and with the express intention of learning something, but what he learned so stunned him that he came away aflame with fury. Every reader should put down the book with similar emotions.

Mr. Mowat's first chapter is a mild disappointment, an undistinguished prelude to what might well have proved to be just another outdoor maundering. The second chapter shows promise of a nicely written travelogue to come, but ends in a minor emotional explosion, the description of which human characteristic is perhaps the author's greatest *forte*.

After that the tale, which is told in a wonderful, documentary form, continues as a mounting crescendo of dramatic detonations, with brief interludes during which Mr. Mowat picks up the bits and pieces and generally clears up the mess with the dedicated precision of a great surgeon. So profoundly does the author feel every word he writes about his main subject that his presumably stalwart companion, Andrew Lawrie, is sometimes completely forgotten for months and chapters on end. What is probably the most terrific experience of all—Lawrie's and Mowat's dash out of the Arctic, down an impossible river in leaky canoe—is disposed of in a few brief paragraphs.

Farley Mowat is a Canadian, and he went to the great Barren Lands to the west of Hudson's Bay just south of the Arctic circle in his own country to learn about a group of inland Eskimo known as the Ihalmuit, who lived almost exclusively on the caribou which migrate four times annually through their land. What he learned by living with the pathetic remnants of this wonderful little race of Nature's most perfected gentlemen, learning their language and their history, and fighting the terrifying northern elements at their side, so enraged him that when he came to set down the record, he contrived the most damning indictment of his own government and country, the so-called white race and its Anglo-Saxon branch in particular, the Christian religion, and civilization as a whole, that had ever been written. We agree with every word Farley Mowat says, for we have seen at first-hand similar occurrences in other parts of the world.

What the book tells is how we, in our greed, stupidity, indifference, and inefficiency, have murdered a race of

—From "People of the Deer."

thousands of the most basically honest, peaceful, and courageous human beings that ever lived. What is more, we accomplished this in just half a century, using as weapons cultural forces which we consider the pride of our vaunted civilization—trade, religion, and morals. As a mere sideline, as the author points out, we have also wrecked the entire natural economy of a huge land, and almost exterminated several vast races of beautiful wild animals.

Any Eskimo, or American Indian for that matter, reading this book may be expected to burst into tears or run amuck. We almost hope it will be the latter, because we feel like indulging in the former. Well done, Mr. Mowat, even if, as you fear, your splendid effort be too late to right a great wrong.

Ivan T. Sanderson is the compiler of an anthology entitled "Animal Tales" and has produced television shows about wild life.

The Indian's "Why?"

THE LAW OF LARION. By Peter Freuchen. Translated by Evelyn Ramsden. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 313 pp. $3.75.

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

THIS book is not a book easily laid down. I hope it proves to be one also easily picked up. Few subjects appear more remote than the lives of an Indian chief and his people on the Yukon a century ago. That our version has to be in translation furthers this feeling of remoteness and the uninspired title does nothing to help. If it is not true that really good books inevitably overcome such handicaps, all but Freuchen devotees will be denied some weird and wonderful reading. This is fresh stuff, stimulating and exciting, a story constructed with fine skill. It may even be, in its way, a great book. That way is peculiarly Peter Freuchen's, the result of his genius for making primitive peoples come literally alive.

Most writers who have tried to express Indian thinking have done so by translating it into terms entirely the white man's. Not Peter Freuchen. He not only shows that the Indian thinking is something very different from the white man's, he shows in what this thinking consists, its compulsions and motivations. His method of doing this is interesting. He simply obeys the first rule of the dramatist, which is to make characters act and not merely to talk about them. Mr. Freuchen offers little more special explanation for the actions of his characters than another good writer might about the people in a novel concerning, say, some peculiar Irish village. From his first paragraph his Indians emerge as distinct individuals, yet so completely do we grasp the general type we can quickly distinguish eccentrics from the normals. This, manifestly, takes some doing. Freuchen does it.

In 1851, Chief Larion decided to attack a trading-post the Russians had established at Nulato on the Yukon. It was one of those apparently senseless acts which have given the Indian a reputation for lack of logic, capriciousness, and treachery. The Russians' relations with their neighbors and customers, as such relations go, had been by and large excellent. Their presence had brought peace to the district, increased economic security to the natives. There had been no serious interferences with tribal customs and religion. Larion, who had originally protected the Russians, admitted all this. Yet he found himself at length

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confronted with what to him was a moral issue to the solution of which he had no alternative. Because we can both understand Larion and sympathize with the Russians, the outcome is tragic in the extreme.

The Nulato massacre is actually the climax of the book, events leading up to it forming the narrative of the life of Larion. Most of this narrative is hair-raising to the white reader. How Larion abducted his bride, told in the first chapter, is surely the most extraordinary boy-meets-girl situation in print. In later years he bit off his wife's little fingers but we have no doubt he loved her greatly and that at her death it was an enormous ordeal for him to maintain the stolid composure dictated by tribal custom.

Toward the final third of his book, after having consistently told the story from the Indian's viewpoint and allowed us to see the white men through their eyes, the author switches viewpoint frequently. This is a letdown, as technically it is a weakness. And I venture to doubt the Russians dispensed distilled liquor in the measure Mr. Freuchen indicates. If they did, in 1851, it marked a break with an earlier and very strict rule of the Russian-American Company. Too, I believe the method the Russian traders used to innoculate against smallpox was other than Mr. Freuchen describes. But these are minor considerations. How the translation compares with the original I've no idea, but the English face for the most part has the air of an original. I recommend this book to those liking their reading matter readable.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 471

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 471 will be found in the next issue.

LCAP BTG ODOONG-NFEG:

KMBW QBEGP WMGQ

ODTPWP WMGQ WCC.

—R. L. OBFNGA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 470

Hasty justice is the stepmother of misfortune.

—Legal Maxim.

The Marches of Englishmen

FOURTEEN MEN. By Arthur Scholes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 314 pp. $4.50.

HUDSON'S BAY TRADER. By Lord Tweedsmuir. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 195 pp. $3.

By Raymond Holden

IT CANNOT be expected that all those who venture into little known parts of the earth should be men of letters. Nor is it necessarily advisable for a man who is not a gifted writer and has a story to tell to collaborate with a journalistic ghost-writer. There should, however, be something in between. Arthur Scholes, though he seems to have been employed by a newspaper in Australia before he joined the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition, is neither a born writer nor an experienced observer. Certainly he had no training, other than a knowledge of radio, to fit him as an explorer. Nevertheless, he found himself with that section of the Expedition which was to spend a year of meteorological, geological, biological, and geographical observation at Heard Island, a seldom-visited British dependency (if an uninhabited island may be called a dependency) in the southern Indian Ocean, roughly half-way between Australia and the southern tip of Africa and about eleven hundred miles north of the permanent ice of Antarctica.

With thirteen companions and a vast assortment of equipment, (including a motorcycle), much of which appears to have been useless, Mr. Scholes endured for fifteen months what must be as bad weather as could be found anywhere in the world. The climate of Heard Island is not especially cold—less so, in fact, than that of much of northern New England—but it is, to put it mildly, windy and wet when it isn't windy and cold. There is too much snow and ice for easy traveling and not enough real cold either to keep the surface in good condition or to lessen the dampness. Cyclonic winds frequently exceeding a hundred miles an hour in velocity are common. Under these handicaps even a company of experience explorers accustomed to arctic conditions might have had a hard time carrying out their program. That the company of city men and amateurs who made up the Heard Island force came nowhere near doing so is not surprising. They endured hardships with good humor and good sense but they were unable to outwit nature. In fifteen months they failed to circumnavigate the island—it is approximately thirty miles long—or to climb its main peak—which is about 9,000 feet high.

Mr. Scholes's narative, though it provides a good picture of men living under almost unbearable weather conditions, suffers from grave faults. He rarely mentions either dates or points of the compass, and in spite of some attempts at description fails to give the reader a developed picture of the amazingly spectacular topography of Heard Island. There is a sketch map in the book but it contains no indication of points of the compass, no scale of distance, and only about one out of every ten of the place names which Mr. Scholes mentions. It is a pity that his adventure should suffer from his inability to describe it.

From the opposite end of the earth comes Lord Tweedmuir's story of his year in the northern Arctic, at a Hudson's Bay Post at the southwestern end of Baffin Island, a good deal—eleven or twelve degrees—farther north than Heard Island is south. Lord Tweedsmuir, who is the son of that late Tweedsmuir who wrote memorably under his family name as John Buchan, is an Oxford man, and while not a brilliant writer is, by inheritance at least, an articulate one. His narrative is as far removed from Arthur Scholes's as Heard Island is from Baffin Island.

Yet the presentation is not the main difference between the two adventures. Tweedsmuir is dealing with a region to which human life has been adapting itself for thousands of years. Even the company for which the author worked has been in the same, or comparable territory, for nearly three hundred years. Methods of dealing with ice, snow, water, and wind in the North American Arctic are established and successful. Lord Tweedsmuir manages to make his adoption of these methods subordinate to his appreciation and acceptance of the beauty of the region and its life.

The terrain and the weather with which he had to contend were rugged and severe but had little of the malevolent, disorganizing violence which Arthur Scholes met on Heard Island. Perhaps this fact has something to do with the ease with which the cultured Oxonian in his simple journal brings to life the Arctic which he saw, and as much to do with the confusion and fogginess with which the other journalist presents his flickering picture of the wild and uninhabited volcanic spot at the edge of the Antarctic which was such a trial to him and his companions.

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Follow the Sun!

SAILING TO FREEDOM. By Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 246 pp. $3.50.

By Everett S. Allen

A small-boat sailor who has clung to a bouncing deck with feet and fingers, watching black seas build above the masthead, will be most sensitive to this chronicle of courage. But it holds no monopoly for sailormen, for it is essentially a twentieth-century rekindling of that bright faith which motivated this nation's colonization.

The sacrifices which paid for American land and liberty lie far distant, historically and geographically. To our natural complacency, therefore, it may come as a memory long forgotten to know that bold deeds still are being done in the name of freedom. And these not only in war, but in that less spectacular theatre of existence which has to do with babies, hearthstones, and steady jobs. This is the message of "Sailing to Freedom."

In the thirty-six-foot, seventy-year-old sloop *Erma*, a matronly and dependable female for whom one forms salt-stained affection, sixteen Estonian refugees—men, women, and children—sailed 8,000 miles in 128 days. From Stockholm, Sweden, to Norfolk, Va., they shared cramped quarters, short rations, heat, calms, cold, gales, impelled by the desire to get beyond reach of the Soviet NKVD.

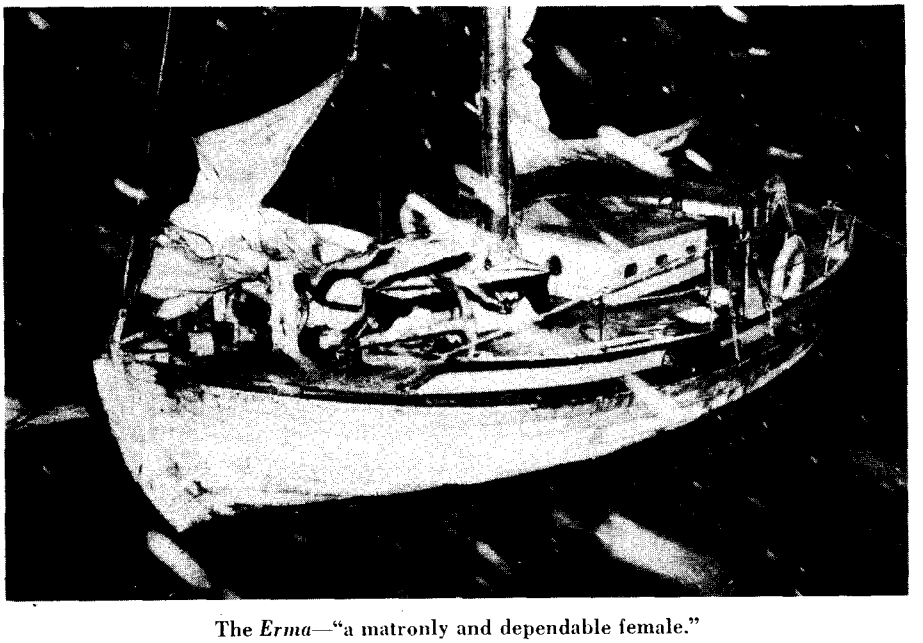
Voldemar Veedam, an Estonian newspaperman, was assisted in preparation of this book by Carl B. Wall. They have produced an admirable account, the power of which lies rightfully in its simplicity. As it must have done in fact, faith runs like a bright thread through every chapter.

Aboard the sloop, as in a complete and minute universe, are contained all the factors of life and thought; here are youth, childhood, and old age. Fundamental are certain basic equations involving the position of a dot upon a chart of the Atlantic Ocean, the spoonsful of flour remaining, the shortest line between two continents. Sociologically, self is subordinated, and for more than one-third of a year relative tranquility reigns in cubic footage less than that of most living rooms.

At intervals across the world the pilgrims met other men who were largely ignorant of geography and politics, but kind. One reads with unmistakable pride that there were Americans among these. And, with a U.S. aircraft carrier in sight, Paul Reinholm, seaman, looked aloft at *Erma*'s colors and said, "On Nov. 26, [1945] at 5:25 a.m., the flag of a small country, after more than five years of humiliation, waves freely in front of another free flag."

There is a fine narrative power in this reduction of life to its least complex denominators. To those who made the voyage, the miracle was not its success, but that Aunt Juliana was cured of arthritis. That they had no visas must have troubled them in thoughtful moments, but the immediacy of survival crowded in upon such apprehensions and they bent their best strength to the moment.

"Sailing to Freedom" strikes a full, rich note, more tuned to the ears of our ancestors than to ours; it may twinge the conscience of those of us who did not have to sail 8,000 miles to live in America.



The *Erma*—"a matronly and dependable female."

Midnight Battle

SUBMARINE! By Commander Edward L. Beach, USN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 301 pp. $3.50.

By Fletcher Pratt

BY A sufficiently curious coincidence the title of this work also appears with the same emphasis on the spine of Theodore Roscoe's monumental history of the submarine service during World War II, and comparison, inevitable in any case, is thus invited. The present volume does not come out of it too badly. It is true that in two cases it reports sinkings of enemy ships unknown to the records—the submariners thought they got them, but they didn't—and there is a certain tendency to over-writing. But the Roscoe book is itself somewhat over-written, and is so long that no one but a specialist will want to go through the whole thing. This is a handy, compact volume, nicely arranged to give the reader a picture of just what submarine service against Japan was like.

Commander Beach, who began his service as an ensign aboard the famous *Trigger*, and ended the war as skipper of his own submarine, certainly knows all the angles, and he conveys them through an ingenious and effective technique. He begins with a chapter from his personal experiences as *Trigger* is being fitted out in January 1942. Then the book switches to Freddie Warder's famous patrol in *Seawolf* and all those hits she obtained without sinking a single ship.

A switch-back to *Trigger*, more trouble with the torpedoes, the tale of a submarine overdue and presumed lost—the personal nicely interspersed with the historical, the historical made personal by the juxtaposition, the package neatly tied. Commander Beach has neglected few, if any, of the real highlights of the submarine service during the war. He has caught the unfortunate sinking of *Seawolf* by one of our own destroyer-escorts; *Harder*'s destructive raid on the Japanese fleet, when she sank five destroyers; the memorable day when *Archerfish* knocked off a carrier just coming out of harbor for her trials; the great work of the submarines at the Battle of the Philippine Sea.

In fact, if you want a good, quick picture of what our submarines did against Japan and how the men who did it felt and acted, this is the place to get it. The specialists will prefer Roscoe for the volume of his reporting; but the man in the street will—it is to be hoped—read Beach.

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The Saturday Review

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Beyond the Cold War

IT seems clear that many of the Asian peoples view the cold war as a power struggle, pure and simple, between America and Russia. They do not blame us for being concerned about matters vital to American security, but they do object to having their own security jeopardized by wrangling between the big powers, as they see it. They object, also, to having their legitimate needs for assistance judged according to their readiness to support our position in the world. In India, for example, Communist propaganda last year made much capital out of the attempts of some Congressmen to block wheat shipments to India because Prime Minister Nehru disagreed with us in the U.N.

Our foreign policy, therefore, ought not to be stated in "cold war" terms. It is an error to attempt to press India or Pakistan or other Asian countries to make flat and open commitments for us and against the Soviet. Since such commitments could not be made without the widest possible popular support, we ought to avoid playing into the hands of the pro-Russian "neutralists" whose big argument is that we are trying to involve other peoples in a war that is not their concern. We are not dealing here, as we are in Europe, with nations and peoples who have a long background of national independence—nations and peoples who have previously fought together against a common danger. In the East we are dealing with peoples whose main worry is that they may be involved by the West in situations that will jeopardize that very same independence.

Our approach to other peoples should be defined not in terms of the power struggle but of the principles through which world peace can alone be achieved. These principles ought to be more than propaganda talking points. They should in fact represent our policy. They should be sufficiently universal to have appeal and meaning to all people everywhere. They should not shrink from expressing the natural idealism of the American people. They should have the same clarity and striking power that gave the Fourteen Points historic importance at such a critical moment in World War I. I believe that these basic principles are implicit in our present foreign policy, but I do not believe they have been brought together in an organic whole that is clearly recognized and understood—by others or by the American people themselves.

Some of the elements that would go into such a declaration of principles might include these points:

1.) *The United States government and its people do not believe that war is inevitable.*

2.) *The United States government and its people are committed to the cause of peace in the world. We are no less committed to the cause of justice in the world.*

3.) *We believe that each nation and its people have both rights and obligations in the world community, and that the peace of the world depends upon the protection of those rights and fulfilment and enforcement of those obligations.*

4.) *We believe in the right of every people to determine for itself the nature of its own government and its own way of life. We regard as a threat to world peace and world justice any infringement upon this right.*

5.) *We do not recognize the right of any nation to impose its own form of government or way of life upon other peoples—whether through external or internal force or through external or internal conspiracy.*

6.) *We believe in the natural and sacred right of man to own himself and to have rights over and above the state itself. We respect and admire those governments that recognize this right or that are working towards the recognition of this right. We do not propose, however, to interfere with or oppose governments which do not recognize this right so long as they do not seek through force or intrigue to impose their own view on others.*

7.) *We believe that the proper agency for the enforcement of each nation's rights and obligations in the world community is the United Nations. We believe that the United Nations should be given adequate powers to define and enforce those obligations.*

8.) *The government of the United States stands ready at any time to discuss with other nations the methods and means by which the United Nations may be empowered to act effectively and decisively in those matters concerned with the common security of the world's peoples.*

9.) *The aim of the United States is to work for those conditions that will make possible universal membership in a United Nations organization having the enforceable powers of world law.*

10.) *Over and above the need to establish a workable and enforceable peace is the need for a mighty and massive attack on the world problems of hunger, homelessness, disease, indignity. This calls for a mobilized world effort not less demanding or imaginative than that of war itself. The goal of the American people is a planet congenial to human existence.*

* * *

What such a declaration seeks to do is to turn the cold war into a moral crusade. It defines those principles which, if accepted by enough nations, might even at this late date preserve the peace. It seeks to shift the burden of responsibility to the Iron Curtain countries to accept or to offer an equally positive and affirmative proposal. It seeks to give the people of the world a banner around which they can rally. Finally, it seeks to invest the future with hope. —N. C.

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About "Witness"

▸ "WITNESS" [*SR* May 24] touches upon practically every vital issue facing us today, because more than ever before today's fundamental issues are ideological rather than economic. As Chambers points out, originally an American becomes a Communist for one of two reasons: 1.) economic and social pressures so strong as to call for drastic change in personal, philosophical, and ethical structure, and 2.) intellectual desperation. Chambers is an excellent example of the intellectual profoundly upset by what he considers unbearable human suffering. His turn to Communism seems perfectly compatible with the events leading up to this action, as he relates them.

Chambers has written a monumental biography. His observation and deep feeling, coupled with a brilliant literary ability, make this possible. We can only regret his lack of insight into the basic problems of individual growth. It points up, I think, the basic fallacy of Communism—the belief that man is solely a product of his environment and has no control over his personal development—and this from a group which professes to revere the perfection of the human mind.

As it is, Communism superimposes on the mind the most rigid problem-solving system that has ever existed. It is up to those who truly treasure freedom of thought and individual choice to form a solid, indestructible barrier to the spread of this irrational ideology.

BARBARA ZEIDERS.

Urbana, Illinois.

Faith and Fashion

▸ IT IS FASHIONABLE these days to be anti-Communist. The fashion is necessary, for we must rid ourselves of that which would destroy us. However, anti-Communism is like penicillin: it attacks our disease, but does not provide nourishment; we need proteins and vitamins as well.

Unfortunately, we are coming dangerously close to borrowing a page from the Communists' own textbook: we are spending so much time decrying an opposing political ideology that we are forgetting to report on the merits of our own. We *do* need a new faith, as Mr. Chambers points out in "Witness."

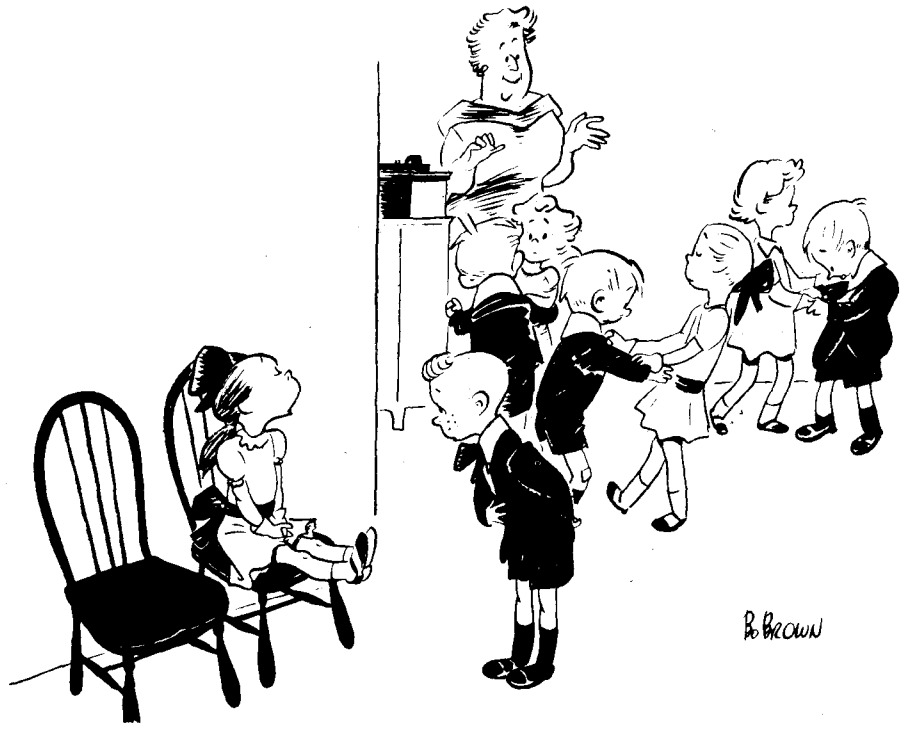
We need faith in our own free institutions. We need to be shown how these institutions can be made to work for us as individuals. People in power must be shown how they will benefit by using their power for the common good. If we are to prevent decay of our free institutions, we must acquire more "know-how" in their use.

The problem may be called educational, and our main educational institutions today seem to be motion pictures, newspapers, magazines, and books. If the writers in these media wish to give their output real "social significance," let them cease debunking and reviling, and let them start a more positive trend. Let them depict the possibilities inherent in our free system instead of picking at its weaknesses. The weaknesses needed exposure, but the job is done. Now let us expose the beliefs we hold in common—rather than dissipate our energies in internal strife.

Let our writers show us how to work together.

JOHN E. D'ERRICO.

Santa Monica, Calif.



"I'm sorry, Roger, but I'm not allowed to dance with a Democrat."

Error of Understanding

▸ . . . CHAMBERS COMMITTED a long series of acts which in time of war would of course have been treason. We shall be a better citizenry if we are quick to denounce treason and slower to strive to analyze and understand it.

A citizen who commits treason as between democracy and Communism has simply made the wrong choice in moral values. Likely enough he had insufficient moral standards to go by. He has taken stolen goods, because he saw nothing wrong in theft, and used them in a treasonous manner, because forsooth he saw nothing wrong in treason.

The error the intellectuals constantly make is in believing that the intellect can find the answer to everything, that once we "understand" anything, that's all that's needed. The intellectual is only the middle of the three stages between the physical and the spiritual. A little more attention to right and wrong, to matters of the spirit, will help. It will, for one thing, illuminate the relation between the Sermon on the Mount and the Marxian ideas. It is not a close relation.

R. W. RIIS.

Wilton, Conn.

Mere Erudition

▸ I AM NOT so much concerned with defending my article on the illiterate American writer [*SR* May 24], which I hope speaks for itself, as with the depressing and, I am afraid, quite characteristically American tendency to confuse information with education. I do not expect writers to be walking encyclopedias, or Fact-O-Mats, as your correspondent John Hastings so brightly puts it. I value no novel for mere erudition. I dislike grossly topical or tendentious novels.

It really should be unnecessary to insist on the improbability that a successful Quiz Kid is well educated. A man who has read Darwin from cover to cover but remains untouched by the moral implications of his conception of the ecological struggle is an uneducated man. A man who has read Freud but remains untouched by his conception of human personality is an uneducated man. A man who has studied Einstein's physics assiduously, but who remains ignorant of the philosophical implications of the theory of relativity is an uneducated man. Conversely, one may know absolutely nothing about biology, psychoanalysis, or theoretical physics, and yet have a profound awareness of *the system of values* stemming from the work of Darwin, Freud, and Einstein. Even though such a person could not get past the first round of a quiz program, I would consider him an educated man.

And I might add that education is

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not necessarily, and never entirely, to be gotten in the universities. I ask of a man only that he be aware of the mainstream of culture, which for an American means Western culture, whether he swim with it, or even better, stand against it.

HAROLD STRAUSS.

New York, N. Y.

Illiterate Writer

▸ HAROLD STRAUSS's article is very badly written. It is full of half-formed thoughts ineffectively expressed, and the grammar is frequently dubious. For example: "I tend to think of the republic of letters as a continuous field in which many processes interact: writers, critics, publishers . . ." Well, neither writers, critics, nor publishers constitute a process.

Mr. Strauss states that he is "concerned with writing as an art," yet he is obviously ignorant of the mysterious process of artistic creation. He talks a great deal about education and how American writers lack it. Now, nobody will be so foolish as to deny the importance of knowledge in any walk of life. But Mr. Strauss's emphasis is all wrong, for education, *i.e.* book learning and mere intellectual information, belongs to the least important elements of the equipment of an artist. Mr. Strauss makes a lot of the "rapid references of educated men." Does Mr. Strauss believe that the creative impulse has its origin in that shimmering surface? Lafcadio Hearn says: "The faculty of artistic seeing is independent of education, and must be cultivated outside of education. Education has not made great writers. On the contrary, they have become great in spite of education. For the effect of education is necessarily to deaden and dull those primitive and instinctive feelings upon which the higher phases of emotional art depend. Knowledge can only be gained in most cases at the expense of certain very precious natural faculties."

And when Mr. Strauss complains that James Jones is not an educated man one raises one's eyebrows at such priggishness. Mr. Strauss's attitude is not uncommonly found in certain European circles, but in Europe that attitude can be explained in terms of a feudalistic lag and class concept, which persists even in nations which for a long time have prided themselves on being democracies. But to find such sentiments expressed in America is curious indeed. One would think that in writing his powerful novel James Jones has demonstrated the superiority of more important elements than book-learning when it comes to creative activity.

Mr. Strauss goes on complaining about the alleged ignorance of American writers. They don't know anything about the relativity theory, nothing about the "displacement of Aristotelian logic by the field theory," and nothing about "the enormous advances in psychiatry and sociology since Freud." Well, isn't that too bad! . . . But wait! What makes Mr. Strauss so certain they don't? Would he deny that possibly quite a few writers know a great deal more of these things than he does? Mr. Strauss appears entirely too convinced of his own superiority—even if it is only a matter of a very superficial one—the relative superficiality of any intellectual information compared with the deep instinctive knowledge of the true artist.

Suppose a young writer should happen not to be equipped with all this Freudian and post-Freudian information. He could still take some comfort in the fact that neither was Balzac armed to the teeth in this fashion—and yet I understand that psychologists have learned a great deal from the novels Balzac wrote, out of his deep artistic insights, or his vast ignorance—any way Mr. Strauss wants it.

But I believe that Mr. Strauss reaches his height of absurdity when he fervently advocates that writers leave their country solitude for the city—(preferably Greenwich Village?)—and there benefit from "the hard friction of one cultured mind upon another in close urban contact." And is that all Mr. Strauss knows about the secrets of the creative impulse? Does not Mr. Strauss know that *talk* can be fatal to creative writing? Does not Mr. Strauss know that talk has the effect of relieving the pressure that drives a writer to write, that after having talked—even to one as cultured as Mr. Strauss—the creative impulse feels satisfied, for whatever the writer had to say has now been expressed. A writer should never

leap upon the stage. He should remain on the sidelines as an observer. He should be looking and listening. And keep his mouth shut. Then he should write.

And as for the writer leaving his country solitude, as Mr. Strauss anxiously demands—where was "War and Peace" written? Where "Wuthering Heights"? Where "Pride and Prejudice"? Where "The Scarlet Letter"?

One moment Mr. Strauss complains that writers lack education, the next he berates them for seeking university fellowships. And he delights in statements like the following: "The artist's only security is constant insecurity"—whatever that means.

Mr. Strauss extols the "close-knit literary groups of Boston, Chicago, and Greenwich Village." I doubt the importance of these groups. And on this subject Lafcadio Hearn says: "I am strongly opposed to the existence of most literary societies, and I believe such societies may do very considerable injury to young talents." Having seen several such societies at close range, I side with Mr. Hearn.

Mr. Strauss cries that "Our writers seek to live as wild beasts—as *fauves* in isolation." But why *fauves*? The capacity—and the deep need—of solitude, is a very advanced human quality, the very opposite to the herd-need of congregation. "Whatever can be done by the individual in the best way possible, is not work for a society to attempt. . . . If you work with a crowd, you must try to obey the opinions of the majority; you must act in harmony with those about you. . . . And first-rate art is not produced under these circumstances. I believe you will find in the history of English literature that nearly all great men have been solitary workers, and have had remarkably few friends.

GOSTA LARSON.

Voluntown, Conn.

Disagreement

▸ C. A. WILLOUGHBY does not like my review [*SR* March 15]—I do not like his book: that makes us even. If I ask nevertheless for the privilege of answering the General's letter I only do so because it seems to me indicative of the new trend in America's public debate. Not able to find a single error in my review, the General calls me a "leftist" and threatens me with exposure for my "particularly offensive attempt to continue the fiction that Agnes Smedley was not a Soviet agent." I could not have made such an attempt since I do not know whether or not she was a spy. I merely reported the Department of the Army's statement that they "do not have proof to back up the spy charges." That Agnes Smedley's "ashes have been placed in a special shrine in the heartland of Asiatic Communism" proves undoubtedly that she was a staunch believer in Communism and highly regarded by her bosses, but that is still not conclusive proof for calling her a Soviet spy. After all, John Reed, the author of "Ten Days That Shook The World," was buried in Moscow in the shadow of the Kremlin next to the Bolshevik leaders, and yet nobody has ever accused him of espionage.

I have never minimized the exposure of Communism and subversion—provided the exposure is well documented, free of errors, intelligent, convincing. Unfortunately, the General's book does not meet this test.

In conclusion I must admit that the General and I disagree on the meaning of Americanism and on the methods of how to defend and strengthen our democracy. The General equates American patriotism with sympathy and admiration for General Franco—I do not.

LEO LANIA.

New York, N. Y.

Franz Schoenberner

▸ I HAVE JUST READ with grief and indignation Eric P. Mosse's letter about the attack on Franz Schoenberner [*SR* Apr. 5]. What I want to know is, what has been done about the cowardly bully who attacked Schoenberner? Has he been arrested and will he be punished as he deserves? Has Schoenberner also instituted a civil suit for damages so that at least he will not be out of pocket for his medical expenses and the (perhaps permanent) interruption of his work? I think I am only one of many of your

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readers who will want to know the rest of this story.

Schoenberner suffered much from the Nazis—but they never treated him as has a resident (I hope not a citizen) of the country which supposedly gave him refuge. We must not let this matter drop until we have demonstrated at least that not all of us are like this unneighborly neighbor who struck down an inoffensive elderly man.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

▶ MISS DEFORD'S LETTER is one of a gratifying avalanche that began flowing in, accompanied by checks and expressions of indignation, grief, and the demand for punishment of the culprit. It is a good, healthy sign that my little outcry could stimulate so much sympathy and offers to help.

Schoenberner is out of the hospital. He is able to walk a few steps, supported by two attendants, to and fro in his small room.

At the end of this month, there will be a pleading before the Grand Jury to decide before which court this case will be brought to trial. In the meantime, the life of an intelligent, good, and ethical man is destroyed.

ERIC P. MOSSE.

New York, N. Y.

The Case of Low-Priced Books

▶ RECENT DISCUSSIONS [*SR* June 21] of the practicality of simultaneously published low-priced trade and paper editions have been concerned with the possible effects of the plan on trade publishers, booksellers, reprinters, reviewers, advertising managers of book-review media, and posterity.

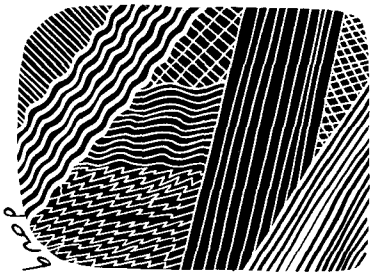
I suggest that the plan may also have important implications for authors.

In the years since the war, book reading has more than tripled through the development of inexpensive paper reprints. Authors may now reach an audience many times the size of that provided by regular hardcover publishing. At the same time, the traditional procedure of hardcover publication and subsequent paper reprint has not provided, for the great majority of authors, anywhere near the income which their books might earn.

Simultaneous publication of hardcover and paper editions is an attempt to combine, for the first time, the editorial skills and functions of a trade publisher with the distributive and marketing techniques of the paperbook reprinter.

From the standpoint of the author, the benefits of simultaneous publication may be measured in two ways: greatly increased readership, with an audience of hundreds of thousands of readers a few days after publication; and an increased royalty rate on the paper editions which may double or triple the total income an author can expect from the sale of his book.

In the past, authors wishing to reach the mass audience for books have been asked to accept an extremely low royalty rate. The developments of the last few years in reprint publishing have shown, however, that for books of superior quality a higher price may



be charged. Through a slightly higher sales price and an increased rate of royalty on copies sold, it is now possible to provide an income for authors which more closely reflects their contribution to publishing.

The thirty-five cents and fifty cents sales price of Ballantine Book's simultaneous paper editions permits a royalty rate of 8 per cent of the retail price on all copies sold. Because these will be original publications, the customary reprint division of 50 per cent for the author and 50 per cent for the trade publisher will be avoided. The result is an income from paperbook sales approximately four times greater than would be possible through the usual reprint arrangement. The following table gives a comparison of author earnings on the simultaneous paperbound editions of Ballantine Books, as against the earnings of an equal sale in paper reprint. (See details in box below.)

Royalties on the simultaneous trade edition will be paid at the rate of 10 per cent of the retail price. Because of the economies possible through large printings, these books can be sold at a retail price of $1.50 to $2.

Authors with experience in reprint publication may determine their comparative earnings under the Ballantine plan and traditional publishing procedure by locating the sum nearest to their paper-reprint earnings under "Reprints." The figure beside it represents the earnings for the same sale under the Ballantine plan.

For purposes of comparing income on combined trade-and-paper editions, the minimum trade sale of 3,000 copies may be used for Ballatine Books. For example:

Traditional Trade Edition, followed by reprint:

Trade Sale: 10,000 copies @ $3.00	
1st 5,000 @ 10% royalty	$1,500
2nd 5,000 @ 12½% royalty	1,875
Trade Sales income	$3,375
Reprint Sale: 250,000 copies @ 25c	
Author's 50% of reprint royalty:	$1,500
TOTAL INCOME	$4,875

Simultaneous Low-Priced Trade and Paperbound Editions:

Trade Sale: 3,000 copies @ $1.50	
3,000 copies @ 10% royalty	$ 450
Paper Sale: 250,000 copies @ 35c	
250,000 copies @ 8% royalty	$7,000
TOTAL INCOME	$7,450

In addition to publishing its own list of titles in simultaneous trade and paper editions, Ballantine Books offers to established trade publishers an opportunity to participate directly in the mass-market paperbook field through a co-publishing arrangement.

This plan differs from the customary reprint agreement in that the publisher's income will be derived from profits on the sale of the paper edition and not from a share of the author's royalty. As in the case of books published solely by Ballantine Books, the two editions will appear simultaneously and the entire royalty of 8 per cent of the retail price of the paper edition will be paid to the author. All participating publishers will profit at the same rate per copies sold and all authors will receive the same royalty rate. Details of the plan are available to all publishers.

Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., of New York, and the Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston, have already indicated their intention to co-publish titles in this way. A number of manuscripts have already been submitted, and contracts have been signed for publication under both plans.

We believe that publication of original books of genuine literary quality in simultaneous hardcover and paper editions will benefit the great majority of authors—both in terms of building reputation and in terms or the financial rewards. By combining the functions of trade and paperbook publisher it is now possible, for the first time, to afford writers both a great audience of readers and a fair share of publishing's profits.

IAN BALLANTINE,
President, Ballantine Books, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Author Royalties

	216 *pp. average*		420 *pp. average*	
COPIES SOLD	25c *reprint*	*Ballantine* 35c *original*	35c *reprint*	*Ballantine* 50c *original*
150,000	$ 750	$ 4,200	$1,050	$ 6,000
200,000	$1,125	$ 5,600	$1,575	$ 8,000
250,000	$1,500	$ 7,000	$2,100	$10,000
300,000	$1,875	$ 8,400	$2,625	$12,000
350,000	$2,250	$ 9,800	$3,150	$14,000
400,000	$2,625	$11,200	$3,675	$16,000
450,000	$3,000	$12,600	$4,200	$18,000
500,000	$3,375	$14,000	$4,725	$20,000
750,000	$5,250	$21,000	$7,350	$30,000
1,000,000	$7,125	$28,000	$9,975	$40,000

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Seeing Things

LANGUAGE, LEGAL & LITERARY: PART 2

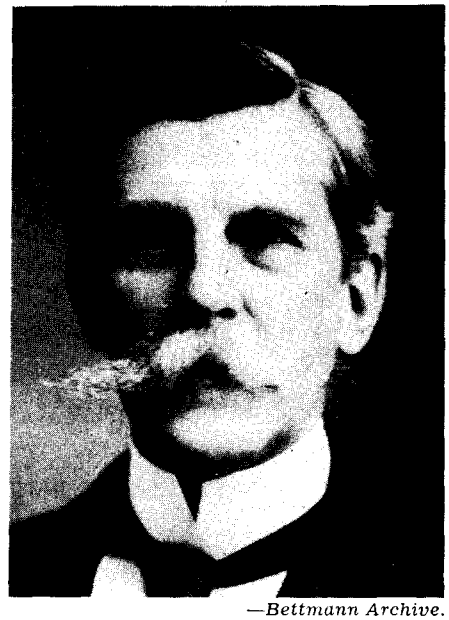
EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of two instalments based on a talk given by John Mason Brown at the dinner of the American Law Institute in Washington, D. C., on May 23, 1952.*

ALTHOUGH every exposure to living helps, there are professions which, even if followed briefly, seem to make their unique contributions to a writer's training. Painting is one of these. The years were not wasted which William Hazlitt spent as a young man trying to become an artist by painting in the manner of Rembrandt and Titian. When he discovered he could not "engraft Italian art on English nature," he may have flung away his brush and pencil "in disgust and despair," but he never stopped being a painter. He merely exchanged words for colors and used them as if they were pigments. He had learned to see life with a painter's eyes; to develop a sharp awareness of shadows and highlights; above all, to seize upon those details in a man's face, dress, or posture which lay bare his spirit.

Medicine is another profession which can contribute to the writer's growth. Chekhov and Somerset Maugham are proofs of this. "If I am a writer," Chekhov once wrote, "I have to live among people." As a physician, he had done this and in the process learned much from the confessional of pain. Maugham's clinical dispassion can, at least in part, be traced to his years at St. Thomas's Hospital. By his own admission it was there he first became aware that "the normal is what you find but rarely" and that the most amazing contradictions "can all exist in a single person and form a plausible harmony."

Although listening to music with a hearing ear may or may not offer a man professional employment, it, too, can contribute much to the writer. Shaw, in this respect, is the ideal witness. "Do not suppose for one moment that I learned my art from English men of letters," he boasted. "My masters were the masters of a universal language. They were Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner." Among these, count Mozart the chief influence, as anyone must know who, again with a hearing ear, has listened to Shaw's prose. His claim was that "Don Giovanni" had taught him how to write seriously without being dull. "If it were only for the sense of the value of fine workmanship which I gained from it," Shaw added, "I should still esteem that lesson the most important part of my education."

Count law among the professions which may help the writer whether he lives by it or escapes from it. The law's perils from a literary point of view are many and grave. Its advantages, however, can be no less real. Chief among its dangers is that heavy-footed jargon which so many lawyers are persuaded by the pressure of their duties and their deafness or indifference to language to mistake for English. But arguing a case, preparing a brief, or writing a decision offers a superb and muscular exercise in the ordering of facts, the integration of ideas, and the mastery of logic. Surely, Scott and Stevenson were no more hurt as writers by having studied law



—*Bettmann Archive.*

O. W. Holmes (1902)—"a poet-lawyer."

than Jefferson and Lincoln were harmed as stylists by having practised it.

All great writing is the result of more than a great gift. Yet the gift must be there before the man, however large of spirit or mind, can write greatly. As for the gift itself, there is no explaining it. Like health, physical graces, and a talent for life, it is among the inequalities that no "Deal"—Square, New, or Fair—can correct. If all of us in my profession, for example, could write as well as we would like to, the world would be cluttered with masterpieces. You in your profession face the same disparity between hope and ability. Some of the best justices, I am told, have been among the most maladroit of writers. The judges who have contributed to literature as well as justice belong to an overprivileged breed. They are doubly endowed. They happen to be fine writers in addition to being fine jurists. Perhaps George Orwell found the best expression for this inequality when he said, "All men are born equal, but some are more equal than others."

Although the best writing-judges and the best authors share more than a command of words, they do not write for the same reasons. Since their minds are preoccupied with different concerns and their purposes have little in common, they are bound to employ the language in different ways. The law is as special in the demands it makes upon those who serve it as the drama, poetry, fiction, history, criticism, or journalism.

What, after all, is the law? At its best, at least as laymen see it, isn't it an attempt to methodize the madness of mankind? Isn't it a high-minded endeavor to create group sanity out of individual surrenders to folly, and to regulate personal impulse so that it becomes social order? Doesn't it seek to superimpose a pattern of reason on a world of passion, and to offer a guarantee of continuity by relating the precedent of the past with the dilemmas of the present?

Coleridge, a colossus among literary critics, was wise enough to recognize that you cannot pass an act of uniformity against the poets. As critics of behavior, judges are obligated to pass acts of uniformity in the interest of society. The great judges are concerned with interpretation, the great writers with revelation. Judges are devoted to protection—the protection of human rights, of property, of men against man, the structure of the state, and that beckoning and majestic concept known as justice. Creative writers do not share this absorption. They apply their gifts to human emotions, problems, frailties, or possibilities seen in terms of persons rather than abstractions. Where the great judges' interest is, so to speak, the spine and bony structure of society, the creative writers' interest is the flesh. Jurists do not see people caught in controversies or misfortunes as particular individuals, but as invitations to

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establish, reaffirm, or advance principles.

The justice writing an opinion carries a burden unknown to the playwright, the poet, or the novelist. It is a burden of public responsibility so heavy that its weight often makes itself felt in his prose. Wisdom is what we want from a judge, not wit; clarity of phrase, before beauty; decision rather than diversion. No wonder, judges' opinions, being the awesome things they are, using language as an instrument of action, and capable of changing the history of a nation, are seldom read as literature. No wonder, the official judicial style has had throughout history a ponderous, Roman cadence, and has been Corinthian in its ornamentation. No wonder, as Justice Frankfurter has pointed out, the pens of even gifted judges are inevitably constrained. "Caution and reticence in writing," said he, "make for qualifications and circumlocutions that stifle spontaneity, slow the rhythm of speech, check the play of imagination. . . . Law as literature is restricted by its responsibility."

Fortunately, this is not always so. The grave demands of the law have been unable to muffle the writing gifts of such justices as Holmes, Cardozo, Brandeis, or Learned Hand. These men, and there are many others, have functioned as masters of the language no less than of the law. What we admire as the high judicial calm—that calm which comes from thinking on an altitude far above the timberline of the trivial—has been theirs. Yet it has never chilled them or their writings.

Their speeches, their books, even their opinions, though models of rationality, have always been warmed with emotion. Their pages are heated by the strong, undeviating passion they feel for what Holmes called "our mistress, the law," and their proud conviction, again in his phrase, that no other calling plunges one so deep in the stream of life . . . its passions, its battles, its despair, and its triumphs, both as witness and actor.

Deep personal emotion can make men eloquent who are not noted for their eloquence. It did this to Calvin Coolidge when, crushed by the death of his son Calvin, he inscribed a friend's book with these words, "To my friend, in recollection of his son and my son, who, by the grace of God, have the privilege of being boys throughout Eternity."

Moral passion even more than sorrow can fuel the minds and spirits, and hence the language, of those fired by it. It is moral passion of the finest sort which has directed the considerations and ignited the prose of the great

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judges, including those I have named. Light and heat, Shaw insisted, are the two vital qualities demanded of literature, adding that he who has nothing to assert has no style, and can have none. The great judges have never lacked something to say and, at their best, have said it with light and heat.

They have loved words. They have relished the adventure which the quest for the right ones represents. They have known that there are no such things as wilted words; there are only wilted people who use them. They have hated verbosity and taken pains, when expressing themselves, to clear away the thick underbrush and ugly weeds which obstruct most legal language. They have shared Hazlitt's contempt for the "Occult School" and Joubert's dislike of "words which have not been able to get currency in the world and are only calculated to form a special language." English to them has been a music which they have heard and which, in their writing, they have made us hear. They have had Churchill's veneration for the structure of a sentence. They have known better than to believe, as someone tried to prove a few years ago, that the ideal sentence is seventeen words long. Part of their wisdom is that they have recognized that a good sentence is as long as it needs to be and no longer, and that a long sentence is more than acceptable if only it seems short.

These judges have belonged to what Mrs. Bowen called a race of "poet-lawyers." Only a lawyer who was also a poet could write such a sentence as Holmes's, "Who of us could endure a world, although cut up into five-acre lots and having no man upon it who was not well fed and well housed, without the divine folly of honor, without the senseless passion for knowledge outreaching the flaming bounds of the possible, without ideals the essence of which is that they never can be achieved?"

To turn to Holmes again—and it is hard to turn away from him—only a poet-lawyer could have written, "I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's Statue to the west the sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the sky line there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights. And I thought to myself the Götterdämmerung will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But then I remembered the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset and above the electric lights there shone the stars."

MAY I add that only a poet-lawyer could have told us what liberty is in a definition as stirring as Judge Hand's. "What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it."

The great judges, whose business is opinions, dissenting or favorable, have never been opinionated. Being philosophers as well as poets and lawyers, they have searched for truth with open minds. "One learns from time," Holmes observed, "an amiable latitude with regard to beliefs and tastes."

There are some words which Judge Hand has confessed he would like to see written over the portals of every church, every school, every courthouse, and every legislative body in the United States. What are they? They are the words Oliver Cromwell spoke just before the Battle of Dunbar. "I beseech ye in the bowels of Christ think that ye may be mistaken."

Such judges belong, as I have admitted, to an overprivileged breed. "There is more truth in law than in lawyers, more poetry in justice than in judges," David Loth reminds us in his life of John Marshall. "But once in a while a man mounts the bench with the salt of life, the spice of wisdom, and the sweetness of humor blended in him so subtly yet so successfully that those who are quite unlearned in the law glimpse some of its beauties."

The beauties of the law are not the only ones the great judges have opened up to us. They, like their blood-relations the great word-men in literature, have lighted up the world for us by using language as a beacon. The shadows will always be with us. They are a part of the health of our thinking. They mean that we recognize gradations, that we keep even our certainties open to question, and do not sink into the dangerous oversimplification of believing everything is either black or white. Shadows and darkness, however, are not the same thing. Illumination, the kind of illumination which banishes darkness though it leaves shadows, is among the paramount obligations of literary no less than legal writing. It has never been more needed than now when so many are tempted to lose hope and to surrender to despair.

In "One Man's America," Alistair Cooke's collection of his broadcasts from this country to England, Mr. Cooke tells a story which illustrates my point. "The time," he says, "was the 19th of May, 1780. The place was Hartford, Connecticut. The day has gone down in New England history as a terrible foretaste of Judgment Day. For at noon the skies turned from blue to gray and by midafternoon had blackened over so densely that, in that religious age, men fell on their knees and begged a final blessing before the end came. The Connecticut House of Representatives was in session. And as some men fell down and others clamored for an immediate adjournment, the Speaker of the House, one Colonel Davenport, came to his feet. He silenced them and said these words: 'The Day of Judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, let candles be brought."

Ladies and gentlemen, let candles be brought indeed.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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SR Goes to the Movies

HAIL BRITANNIA!

GRANTED that we don't see over here all the British films turned out in a year's time, still the general level of the ones that do cross the Atlantic remains amazingly high. Not all are as well made as Carol Reed's "Outcast of the Islands," but intelligence and craftsmanship distinguish the greater number. Star turns, such as characterize the Alec Guinness pictures, are on the whole the exception. Instead, we find innumerable highly polished bit roles. And there is humor even in the serious British films, a wry turning of lines, an innuendo that reveals the commonplace absurdities of existence. But basically there is a humanity in their pictures, a feeling for people. Often the plot is the merest thread to bind together a group of characters who catch our attention and win our sympathies because in a brief hour or two we are permitted to discover them so completely.

Such is the case with "White Corridors" (Universal), a cross-section of life in a hospital. It also accounts for the inherent superiority of Roy Boulting's "High Treason" (Pacemaker) over such home-grown attacks on Communism as "My Son John" and De Rochemont's "Walk East on Beacon." In the English films, characterizations are developed and motives explored with a sound sense of human values. This is particularly apparent in "White Corridors." Any summary of its plot must sound suspiciously like a soap opera—like "Young Dr. Malone," perhaps. It centers around a young woman surgeon, attractively played by Googie Withers, who is given the choice of a career in London or staying on at a provincial hospital and marrying a brilliant but retiring research pathologist. Her personal dilemma intertwines with the day-to-day operation of the institution itself and the people there, both staff and patients. On the staff are such types as the self-centered son of the senior surgeon, the nurse he has thrown over for a society girl, and the wise old doctor who insists that patients are more than guinea pigs; while the patients include a little boy with a rare disease, a stout old farmer who resists all efforts to operate, and a testy civil servant who, under nationalized medicine, finds it somewhat difficult to get into the hospital in the first place.

While none of this is particularly new, Pat Jackson, an expert documentary director, has both written and staged his film so that each character comes to life as an individual, believable and human. The fact that much of it was actually shot in a hospital is helpful, authenticating the story with the sights and sounds of hospital routine. The sounds seem to have intrigued Jackson particularly for he uses them throughout in place of music to underline his drama. Basil Radford, Godfrey Tearle, a beautiful girl named Petula Clark, and indeed the whole cast behave as if they had spent much of their lives in hospitals. Without melodramatics, without sentimentality, "White Corridors" is a moving and heart-warming experience.

In much the same spirit Roy Boulting approaches the problem of Communism in "High Treason." He is less concerned with penny-dreadful propagandistics and the mechanisms of locating and liquidating Communist agents than with what makes a saboteur in the first place, the motives and personality of such people. His central character, sensitively acted by Kenneth Griffith, is a young man drawn into the red network through a vague desire for peace. For the Communists he constructs a bomb used to destroy a dockside ship, killing many men in the process. Appalled by this crime, the youth seeks a way out—a way effectively blocked by the organization. The structure of "High Treason," as of Boulting's earlier "Seven Days to Noon," is melodramatic, brisk, and efficient. And if there are flaws and weaknesses in the plot construction, there are also innumerable vignettes of London people and places to help sustain interest and credibility as well. Its excellent cast was obviously chosen for faces, not for names.

Thanks to what *Variety* persists in calling "frozen coin"—and also in part to the lower production costs in England—a number of Anglo-American pictures have been turning up on local screens lately. Drawing on British technicians and Americans stars, they present a curious hybrid, although the American strain is usually the dominant one. David Selznick's "The Wild Heart" (RKO), for example, while directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger and filmed for the most part on the Welsh border, has yielded almost completely to Hollywood's values. The characters—a wild and beautiful gypsy girl, a headstrong fox-hunting squire, a tender and understanding clergyman—all beg for definition and development, but they have been ruthlessly subordinated to a shapeless story that builds to an exciting yet meaningless finale. The technicolor photography of the Shropshire hills is strikingly handsome, but it, like Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, and Cyril Cusack, seems wasted here.

On the other hand Walt Disney's live-action version of "The Story of Robin Hood" (RKO) fares a good deal better. There may be less acrobatics here than in some earlier versions you may have seen, but the sense of period and of folktale has been nicely captured in the ballads that tie the picture together. James Hayter, James Robertson Justice, and Elton Hayes form an agreeable nucleus for the merry band in Sherwood Forest, Richard Todd's Robin Hood is lithe and lively, and only Joan Rice, as Maid Marian, seems aggressively counter to the spirit of Merrie England. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of "Cry, the Beloved Country," with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

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VACATION READING

NOW is the time to select books for the long, leisurely vacation days. Whether boys and girls are in the city or the country, at the seashore or in the mountains, there will be hours when a good book will mean more to them than it can in the busy, planned days at school. The classification "fiction" and "non-fiction" has ceased to have a meaning in books for young people. Books that inform, that stretch the mental horizon are as popular today as the good stories. A judicious mixture of both is what they want and need. The intense interest of older boys in science-fiction makes it almost a necessity for the home library, if we are to follow their enthusiasms through books.

The new history of Japan might well be followed up with Elizabeth Vining's "Windows for the Crown Prince," reviewed in *The Saturday Review* on May 17. It is published as an adult book but there is much in it that will interest young people. The character of the Crown Prince of Japan as Mrs. Vining shows him developing through four years of close contact is a fascinating historical study. Boys and girls will see in it that meeting of the East and West that will give them the "windows" Mrs. Vining opened for Akihito.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN. By Josephine Budd Vaughan. Illustrated from photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 128 pp. $2.50.

Mrs. Vaughan has presented the story of Japan and the Japanese people so simply and with such clear continuity that it can be read and appreciated by even the younger boys and girls. She begins it in the present, telling of the geography of the islands, the difficulty of feeding the large and constantly growing population on the scarce land, the life on the farms and in the cities, the religious life, and the national holidays. Through all this she makes you feel the beauty of Japan and the love of beauty in her people. Then, in five short chapters, she gives the history of the country. At the end there is one chapter on Japanese arts. The photographs are grouped together following page 32.

THE GOLDEN GEOGRAPHY: A Child's Introduction to the World. By Elsa Jane Werner. Pictures by Cornelius De Witt. New York: Simon & Schuster. 96 pp. $3.95.

The illustrations, printed in full color, make this an important book, especially for the younger boys and girls. The handsome end-papers show with great clarity the coming of day and night to all parts of the globe and the changes in time. As each continent and the islands is taken up we see the products of agriculture and industry, the effect of rivers and mountains on the life of the people, even the costumes that they wear in small, richly colored pictures. Folded into an envelope opposite the title page is a large map of the world, suitable for framing. Attractive, informing, this is a book that at home or in school will tell a child all that he needs to know about his world and the universe.

BUSY & CO. By Herbert Coggins. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Whittlesey House. 96 pp. $2.25.

Busby was a beaver. Jerry found him in a meadow, his leg caught in a steel trap. When the wounded leg had healed Jerry took Busby home to the house in the city. Being a healthy and energetic young beaver, Busby proceeded to do what beavers do. He carefully gnawed whatever wood he could find. Jerry drew a line with maple syrup, which Busby loved, to show him where to cut the firewood with his long, sharp teeth. Then the boys sold the firewood. They taught Busby to cut the straight, slender branches into canes, which they sold to the school and to the rival team. Several times Busby got the family into trouble. Then they took him to Uncle Lipp's camp in the woods, and here Busby made a dam and created a lake that Uncle Lipp had been planning for years. There was nothing lazy or stupid about Busby. His pictures, drawn by Roger Duvoisin, are lots of fun.

PEPPER. By Barbara Leonard Reynolds. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 169 pp. $2.

Aleck Bailey caught Pepper, the racoon, when he was only a baby and brought him up on a doll's milk bottle. Pepper was, in many ways, a nuisance; but he was so ingratiating that he was forgiven his sins. Aleck had to fight a stiff battle with Hank Whittaker to protect Pepper, and Pepper had to fight to protect himself against Hank's dog. A village carnival was held to earn money for the new Park and Zoo and, during it, Pepper got away. Months went by. Signs indicated that it was Pepper who scared away the thief who tried to steal the carnival money from Mr. Anderson's safe. Then, in the spring, Pepper reappeared with a wife and three baby racoons. Happy beyond words, Aleck presented the family to the village Zoo. This is a story that little boys and girls will thoroughly enjoy. Barbara Cooney's drawings are delightful.

PRESENTING MISS JANE AUSTEN. By May Lamberton Becker. Illustrated by Edward Price. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 204 pp. $3.

This biography of Jane Austen reads like one of her own novels. Affection and admiration for her subject, a lively sense of humor, and a remarkable knowledge not only of Jane but of the world in which she lived informs and colors every word of it. The book is for all ages, but the older girls and even their younger sisters will thoroughly enjoy the account of the family theatricals in which Jane's lovely cousin, the Countess de Feuilliede, played a prominent part. Jane, of course, wrote the plays, and excerpts from them are given. The story begins in the Parsonage at Steventon and goes on through the school days and the family move to Bath to Jane as an author and a popular and beloved figure in her world. It is illustrated all through with charming black and white drawings. It will probably be read by young people as a story as well as an authentic biography of a remarkable novelist.

MADE IN MEXICO. By Patricia Fent Ross. Illustrations by Carlos Merida. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 329 pp. $4.

This is a beautiful book, one of the most beautiful of the "A Country's Arts and Crafts" series. The illustrator is a famous artist who is a Guatemalan but has lived in Mexico for years.

The story covers not only the painting, architecture, sculpture, weaving,

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and metal work, but the simple "popular" arts of the rural people. It gives, too, a comprehensive table of events in Mexican history from 600 B.C. to modern times. There is a glossary, a bibliography, and an index. Mrs. Ross shows how the people preserve their ancient arts in their everyday life, how their crafts are really arts carried from generation to generation by a people who feel that "efficiency, even physical comfort, are less important to them than everyday beauty." Her chapter on the modern painters is deeply interesting.

THE SOUTH SEA SHILLING: Voyages of Captain Cook. By Eric Swenson. Illustrated by Charles Michael Daugherty. New York: Viking Press. 224 *pp.* $3.50.

HE SAILED WITH CAPTAIN COOK. By Charles Borden. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Eric Swenson's story of Captain Cook, with special emphasis on his voyage to Tahiti on the *Endeavour* with the British scientists, is notable for its vitality and its clarity. In a brief, vivid, opening chapter it shows James Cook as an eighteen-year-old apprentice in a haberdashery shop in an English village. In his pocket is a South Sea shilling and in his heart and mind a determination to go to sea. From then on his story moves swiftly and with fine continuity. The character of Captain Cook himself holds the interest through the long, difficult months at sea, the contact with the natives of Tahiti, New Zealand, Batavia, and—in the later voyages—with the American Indians and Hawaiians. It takes more than the excellent source material that is available to write a book like this; humor warms the details of sailing, charting unknown straits and harbors, shipboard discipline, and island mapping and exploration. Through it all the strong, dramatic figure of James Cook is dominant. It is a record that once read cannot be forgotten. Charles Daugherty's vigorous drawings are exactly right for the text.

Tobias Whitechapel, fictional hero of Charles Borden's book, was only fourteen years old, weighed only ninety pounds and stood under five feet when he sailed on the *Endeavour* of the British Royal Navy for the South Seas with Captain Cook. He had his troubles on that famous voyage, but he had brains and courage and loyalty. Before the ship reached England again he was a senior midshipman. Many incidents in the adventures coincide with those in Swenson's account. Here we see it all through the eyes of a boy.

—*From "Made in Mexico."*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: Man of Destiny. By David E. Weingast. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Julian Messner. 184 *pp.* $2.75.

Although this reviewer is a Vermonter, he heartily approves of this book. It is a richly detailed, vivid, unbiased human portrait of a great American. Those who are too young to remember the Great Depression, the New Deal, and the two World Wars will find here a lucid record of those hectic years. More interesting, perhaps, than the politics and policies involved is the personal story of F.D.R., his family background, his childhood, his school days, his romance and illness, and his private life at Hyde Park and at the White House. It is a well rounded picture that should be available to all boys and girls who want to form an opinion of the man about whom they have heard so much. The illustrations are good and the format excellent.

—Merritt P. Allen.

GUNS IN THE FOREST. By Bruce Lancaster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 259 *pp.* $3.

A dozen or so years ago critics were falling all over themselves to praise the novel called "Guns of Burgoyne." It is just as good reading today in this revised and condensed version called "Guns in the Forest." Nearly all the love story has been omitted, but for boys and for many older readers this is no great loss.

The story begins in Germany when Kurt Ahrens, an English-educated Saxon, is given command of an artillery company of impressed Hessians on their way to help the British in the war with the American colonies. Seldom, if ever, has there been a more sympathetic picture of those wretched peasants who were sold like slaves. In Canada they joined Burgoyne's army that was to cut the colonies in two and win the war. Every step of the way up Lake Champlain, through the savage forest and down the Hudson to Saratoga, is described with a vividness and perspective that makes the reader feel that he was there. All the military actions are accurate and absorbing. The details of geography, speech, dress, food, and so on are used in the exact proportion necessary to complete the picture. Without a dull or wasted word, the story recreates this vital chapter of American history.

—M. P. A.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings: The Yearling. 2. Keats: The Eve of St. Agnes. 3. Shakespeare: Timon of Athens. 4. Milton: L'Alllegro. 5. Pearl Buck: The Good Earth. 6. Clarence Day: Life With Father. 7. Swift: Gulliver's Travels. 8. James Joyce: Ulysses. 9. Dickens: Oliver Twist. 10. Washington Irving: The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

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HISTORY IN DOUBLETHINK

(*Continued from page 9*)

Passos's concept of the present state of the nation.

Give Dos Passos credit for courage, however—more courage than most of the genuine blown-in-the-glass ex-Communists display. "If," he says, "the United States is doomed by forces of history too great for us to overcome, we will at least go down fighting." The people whose side he is on now have been going down fighting for the last twenty years—in 1932, when they predicted that grass would grow in the streets if Roosevelt were elected; in 1936, when the Liberty League demanded liberty for Du Ponts; and ever since. But—though Dos Passos appears not to have noticed it—they didn't go down before the Communists. Chambers and Dos Passos have both been at, or near, both ends of the spectrum; at both ends, their thinking was of the same type; and at both ends, Roosevelt licked them. No wonder they detest his memory.

Eleven years ago, when Dos Passos was indulging in a brief interlude of objectivity before going the rest of the way from one extreme to the other, he wrote that "the history of the political notions of American intellectuals during the past twenty years is largely a record of how far the fervor of their hopes for a better world could blind them to the realities under their noses." The disappointment of those hopes blinds them still; they admit now that black is black, not white; but they insist that gray is black too. I can venture these criticisms of Dos Passos, for some of whose gifts I have much admiration, in the confidence that they will not disturb him at all; he has discounted all criticism beforehand. He is pretty sure that "the 'liberals' who control communications in the press and the radio and the schools and the colleges in this country have already crawled under the yoke of the Communist party"; we are not dues-paying members (maybe he thinks we are too parsimonious) but we are the dupes of a sinister hoax. Thus lightly to dismiss all contrary opinion no doubt helps a man to feel comfortable inside himself; but I do not think it makes him a very useful guide to the people—a vast majority—who are not blind to the realities under their noses.

A CURIOUS thing about these ex-Communists is that they seem to derive a melancholy satisfaction from the conviction that they are on the losing side. A Chinese, just at present, might be excused for thinking so; but there is no evidence for it in American history, except as rewritten by Doublethink. I suspect the answer is that they are naturally religious, temperamentally inclined to view the world in terms of catastrophe and apocalypse; some day the heavens will be rolled up like a scroll; *dies irae, dies illa, solvit saeclum in favilla;* and they can view this with equanimity, since their personal salvation is secure. But once again, this makes them undependable guides for the vast majority which believes—as the vast majority of Americans has believed throughout our history, and has repeatedly proved—that something can be done about it, even if not so much as could be wished.

And the essential damage that could be done by these totalitarian thinkers—totalitarian no matter which end of the spectrum they may be on—would be to convince other people that there is no use trying to do anything about it; that those who are trying are only crypto-Communists even if they may not know it. A notable example is Chambers's comments on the New Deal revolution; which, as he and Senator Taft agree, is a Socialist revolution in the name of liberalism. It has been amply pointed out that people who call it that do not know what Socialism means; but Chambers does indeed hit its essen-

In listing the year's 15 best mysteries in *The N. Y. Times Book Review*, Anthony Boucher has this to say about **THEY DIED LAUGHING by Alan Green:** "The gods of laughter be praised and thanked. Mr. Green has done it again.* One of the few 'pure' detective stories of the season is also a vastly entertaining farce-satire — and how much more reading pleasure can you cram into 241 pages I don't know." 2nd printing just off press. $2.50 at your bookseller's.

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

*Alan Green's last book *What a Body* won an Edgar (for best first mystery).

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tial point when he calls it "a shift of power from business to Government." It was that, and I happen to believe that was a good idea—always provided that you do not give excessive power to Government; as we have not. (Even Chambers has to acknowledge that it was Government, after all, which convicted Hiss.)

Chambers apparently does not approve of that shift, and thinks we were better off when business had the power. It is the privilege of any citizen to think so; but when he says "it was a struggle for revolutionary power, which in our age is always a struggle for control of the masses," he confuses, or is likely to make his readers confuse, two kinds of revolutions carried out by two different methods. The Roosevelt revolution was the sixth we have had; and like all the others, it stopped before it went too far. There was a revolution in the early days of independence, a counter-revolution in 1787, a counter-counter-revolution in 1800; none of them found it necessary to resort to the guns of a cruiser, the dispersal of an elected assembly by bayonets, or the mechanisms of the police state. We had another partial revolution in Jackson's day; still another, begun by the Congressional elections of 1866 and consummated twenty years later by the Supreme Court's decision that the Fourteenth Amendment protects corporations, transferred power from Government to business. The Roosevelt revolution merely reversed that. Chambers has a right to dislike the reversal, but when he implies that the Roosevelt revolution and Communist revolution differed only in de-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DOUBLE MAN *Helen Reilly* (Random: $2.50)	Inspector McKee, off beat, aids widow searching Cape Cod for how-come of playboy hubby's death.	Local population further depleted as story progresses; natives and painters crowd stage.	Average
DEAD AS A DINOSAUR *Francis and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Deceases of two paleozoologists spur Jerry and Pam North, also N. Y. cops, to profitable action.	Natural history museum focus of lively goings-on; plot made to order in spots, jumps around in others, but moves.	Sprightly
THE SCARLET SLIPPERS *James M. Fox* (Little Brown: $2.75)	L. A. youth is tagged for gas chamber; John Marshall and wife Suzanne spring him.	Characters multiply and plot mushrooms confusingly; writing crisp.	Pass mark—he's done better
WE ALL KILLED GRANDMA *Frederic Brown* (Dutton: $2.50)	Aging realtor (female) found plugged in office; grandson calls cops, develops amnesia.	Debate on who is and who isn't psycho pitches gimmicks into story.	He's beaten this
THE THIN LINE *Edward Atiyah* (Harper: $2.50)	Two-timing British hubby throttles paramour; wonders what to do next, does it.	Introspective treatment effective, but strain on credibility strong at times.	Harrowing
HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Pendant, Conn., lady diagnosed as suicide; Midwest sister has doubts, investigates at great risk.	Story over-detailed, but meaty and solid; lad of seven throws much weight.	Competent job
VANISH IN AN INSTANT *Margaret Millar* (Random: $2.50)	Solution of Arbana (Mich.) knifing confused by "confession"; Lawyer Meecham wonders why, finds out.	Characters nicely drawn, talk and act like people; handling first-class, skilful, conscientious job.	Good
MASK FOR MURDER *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Triple slaughter in Yucatan fails to daunt pair of Yank archeologists.	Pace unhot, despite multiplicity of cadavers; color, setting excellent.	Slow but pleasant
THE ELK AND THE EVIDENCE *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Human toe in deep freeze stirs Montana parson to action; beautiful gal in jeopardy (toe not hers).	Episcopal bishop ranking member of assorted cast; dialogue wears well; slick-paper job.	Diverting

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Mignon G. Eberhart's

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gree, whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

All these are matters of record, and will remain so unless—which I do not expect—the Doublethinkers get control of the country and "make sure that all written records agree with the orthodoxy of the moment." Until then, they are more of a nuisance than a menace—as they were in the days when they thought that salvation was to be found in Moscow. They are religious pople, but a special kind of religious people; as Dr. Schlesinger has pointed out, a man may be religious without feeling certain that he has the complete and unalterable final truth and that those who disagree with him are damned in time and in eternity. But these people must feel that. Some of them, finding that final truth is not in Moscow, have sought and found it in Rome; hardier characters become their own Popes, and are just as sure of their own infallibility as they were in the days when they parroted the resolutions of the Comintern.

THERE is another kind of thinking, which some religious people find not inconsonant with their view of the relations between man and God. I described it in these pages twenty years ago and it seems pertinent to quote that description now:

> To admit that there are questions which even our so impressive intelligence is unable to answer, and at the same time not to despair of the ability of the human race to find, eventually, better answers than we can reach as yet—to recognize that there is nothing to do but keep on trying as well as we can, and to be as content as we can with the small gains that in the course of ages amount to something—that requires some courage and some balance.

That kind of thinking has played a great part in American history, from Benjamin Franklin down to John Dewey; and it has worked. But the Communists about whom I was writing then had no use for it, nor have most of them now that they are ex-Communists. There must be a final truth and they must have it; experimental thinking is only sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; and if its successes are written in the record of American history from Jefferson (yes, and Hamilton) through Lincoln down to Franklin Roosevelt, that fact can be obliterated by remembering that events happened in the desired manner—by knowing that press and radio and schools and colleges are all controlled by the Communists and that the Roosevelt administration had its critics shot.

I repeat—one becomes bored.

The Film Forum

ART ON FILM

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

JACKSON POLLOCK. *Produced by Paul Falkenburg and Hans Namuth. Distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (11 min., color.)*

Undoubtedly one of America's most talked about painters is Jackson Pollock, who uses canvas fifteen feet long and paint by the bucketful—as well as sand, broken glass, nails, and other materials. His technique and pictures may be controversial, but there is nothing about this film that isn't totally acceptable, except for a few weaknesses in the delivery of the spoken commentary by the artist himself. Pollock and his paintings are well suited to motion picture treatment, both being highly photogenic, sharp, and interesting in close-up. Definitely worth seeing.

JOHN MARIN. *Produced, directed, and photographed by James E. Davis. Distributed by A. F. Films, see above. (20 min., color.)*

The main attraction of this film is that it is the only one of its kind, showing the distinguished American painter at work in the New Jersey Palisades area and on the coast of Maine. Its faults are many—particularly the camera's many shaky panning motions and the repeated detailed close-ups which seem inappropriate to the style and wholeness of Marin's paintings.

MARK TOBEY: ARTIST. *Produced by Orbit Films. Distributed by Dimensions, Inc., 2521 Sixth Ave., Seattle 1, Wash. (20 min., color.)*

Just about every visual thing in this cine-poetic investigation of the world of West Coast painter Mark Tobey is a thing of beauty. Photographically the film is composed with originality, skill, affection, and directness. The painter and his canvases do not crowd out the film, they only belong to it, and to the surrounding world from which they are taken.

The stunning attractiveness of its color photography and the internal composition is rarely seen on the screen. Not so the spoken words, which seem to have been added by people who have little faith in visual art, photographic or painted. Such lines as "How does it feel to be tolerated?" and "Do you paint to live or live to paint?" only detract from the portrait of the artist. His dull-hued, small-patterned pictures are, according to the film's complaint, not "fashionable."

The film's music, composed by the artist himself, is far more in keeping with the tone of the pictures and the film. Too bad there wasn't more of it and fewer words.

THE BIRTH OF A PAINTING. *Produced and distributed by Thomas Bouchard Productions, 80 West 40th St., Studio 72, New York 36, N. Y. (35 min., color.)*

Here is another example of how a film can show the work and technique of a living painter. This time Kurt Seligman is the artist, and the work progresses step by step from ink drawing to black and white on canvas, to layer after layer of color, in which Seligman mixes oil and water bases alternately. No effort is made to explain the style of the painting, merely the artist's technique of using paints. The commentary, by the artist, is warm and friendly.

LOOKING AT SCULPTURE. *Produced by Realist Film Unit. Distributed for the British Information Services by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (10 min.)*

Three pieces of sculpture are singled out and analyzed in some detail—each a Madonna and Child, each of a different period and style. First is a whalebone carving of English Romanesque style, then a German Gothic piece by Veit Stoss, and third an Italian Renaissance terra cotta by Rossellino.

In many ways "Looking at Sculpture" promises a new kind of excellence in art films, but doesn't quite realize the promise. Michael Redgrave gives a stylish reading of the narration. "Looking at Sculpture" was photographed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and produced by Alexander Shaw.

VAN MEEGEREN'S FAKED VERMEERS. *Produced by Sofedi. Distributed by Films of the Nations, 62 W. 45th St., New York 36, N. Y. (27 min.)*

Newspapers carried the story of the recent art hoax in which a number of paintings which were "discovered" and accepted as seventeenth-century Vermeers were subsequently claimed as the work of a little-known twentieth-century portrait painter named Hans Van Meegeren. This film reconstructs the story like a police dossier, making good use of various cinematic devices. The faked canvases are analyzed through microscopic and radiograph camera devices, and the film includes a bit of why and how Van Meegeren managed to create the amazing frauds in the first place. —CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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FICTION

(Continued from Page 12)

tuous with golden lamps, incense, and processions, and the gods are everywhere, to be placated and adored and spoken to as one would speak with familiar friends. And Bhattacharya has described to perfection the richness of that ritualistic life set against a glowing landscape.

At a time when we need to know more desperately than ever how the Indians think and behave, "Music for Mohini" acquires an added importance. The books on the nature of Indian polity and political development are legion, but they tell us too little of the living India, the faith by which the peasants move and how they react to Western ideas and on what hopes they build their lives. The answers—most of them—are here, written in a language as unexpected and graceful as Mohini herself.

Fiction Note

DREAM OF INNOCENCE. By Turnley Walker. David McKay. $3.50. Mr. Walker forsakes here the inspirational note which characterized his earlier accounts of his battle with polio, "Rise Up and Walk" and "Journey Together," to take up some novelistic matters which are sordid, sensational, and pretty close to salacious. Geraldine Lowell, our heroine, the lower depths of whose mind we are to explore, is a "high grade" call girl. The "high grade" refers to her prices. As Mr. Turnley shows in innumerable scenes of considerable drive and brilliance, Geraldine is an amoral trollop of no loyalties and little intelligence. A vicious hedonist, she is capable of murder to achieve her rather erratic ends. The story of how Geraldine fouled herself up involves detailed and often clinical descriptions of her relations with fellow whores, a driving madame, some customers, and some ambitious youngsters on the fringe of the theatrical world. The scene in which Geraldine and a girl friend absently but efficiently murder a "protector" for his automobile provided material for a more effectively handled short story by Mr. Walker. Here it loses force in the general welter of irrational violence and perverse lust. Mr. Walker's undoubted power of writing and his ability to penetrate the jungle psychology of his moral cretins does not quite justify his extended celebration of their lives.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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(Continued on page 34)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 953

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. "Caves" in E. Nevada, preserved as a National Monument.

B. Battlefield site in Maryland, of Civil War battle, Sept. 17, 1862.

C. Inexhaustible; certain.

D. Appellation of the Dolly Varden trout and the brook trout (comp.).

E. Puffed out (rare).

F. Largest lake entirely in Switzerland.

G. Indians in Bolivia and Brazil constituting a linguistic family (about 20,000).

H. A kite common in Europe and N. A.

I. Swiss painter and sculptor, ultra-modern school of art (1888-).

J. Surname of Angela, the pure, innocent maiden introduced late into "Don Juan."

K. Among the Gauls, a learned class of soothsayers, seers, along with the bards and the druids.

L. Permeates; pervades.

WORDS

5 12 145 44 164 9

154 3 188 8 175 90 31 75

141 63 185 4 17 72 95 114 41

131 19 166 172 137 56 10 69 30 156

143 117 27 99 124 115 54 174

155 51 71 37 29 79 64 153 105

13 11 42 158 45 2 127 116 178

78 110 21 40 85 28

68 93 122 168 108

187 160 53 7

50 107 88 98 149

82 147 183 49 32 55 92 70 111 16

DEFINITIONS

M. In a deadened manner.

N. A cowboy or herdsman of the pampas.

O. Royal palace in Edinburgh, Scotland; former residence of Mary, Queen of Scots.

P. Radiated.

Q. The eye of a chop.

R. Expresses the particulars of again.

S. National Park in California to preserve natural scenery.

T. Shortened title of great poem by Wordsworth.

U. Sound of sharp or repeated knocking or tapping (comp.).

V. Resounding; pulsing.

W. Unutterably.

X. A son of Cush (Bib.).

Y. "Courthouse" in N. Carolina, now preserved as a National Park, whence American Colonists drove the British Mar. 15, 1781.

WORDS

170 87 167 176 133 106

148 169 121 142 65 24

94 128 152 134 52 26 34 140

119 180 186 48 66 61 136 18

104 14 80 46 113 77 60 181

57 109 97 38 177 33 130 157

89 103 83 132 112 146 47 62

39 165 144 74 81 120 43 162 59 15 102

138 76 22 67 86 96

150 23 118 135 36 182 73

101 25 179 100 1 173 84 161 123

125 151 129 20 139 163

58 159 171 6 35 184 91 126

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	1 W	2 G	3 B	4 C	5 A	6 Y	7 J	■	8 B	9 A	■	10 D	11 G
12 A	■	13 G	14 Q	15 T	16 L	17 C	18 P	19 D	20 X	21 H	22 U	23 V	24 N	25 W	■	26 O
27 E	■	28 H	29 F	30 D	■	31 B	32 L	33 R	■	34 O	35 Y	■	36 V	37 F	38 R	39 T
40 H	41 C	■	42 G	43 T	■	44 A	45 G	46 Q	47 S	■	48 P	49 L	50 K	51 F	52 O	■
53 J	54 E	■	55 L	56 D	57 R	58 Y	59 T	60 Q	61 P	62 S	63 C	■	64 F	65 N	66 P	67 U
■	68 I	69 D	70 L	■	71 F	72 C	73 V	74 T	75 B	76 U	77 Q	78 H	■	79 F	80 Q	81 T
■	82 L	83 S	■	84 W	85 H	86 U	87 M	88 K	89 S	■	90 B	91 Y	92 L	93 I	94 O	■
95 C	96 U	97 R	98 K	99 E	100 W	■	101 W	102 T	■	103 S	104 Q	105 F	106 M	■	107 K	108 I
■	109 R	110 H	111 L	112 S	113 Q	114 C	115 E	■	116 G	117 E	■	118 V	119 P	120 T	121 N	122 I
123 W	■	124 E	125 X	126 Y	■	127 G	128 O	■	129 X	130 R	131 D	132 S	133 M	134 O	■	135 V
136 P	137 D	138 U	139 X	140 O	141 C	142 N	143 E	■	144 T	145 A	146 S	147 L	148 N	149 K	■	150 V
151 X	152 O	153 F	■	154 B	155 F	156 D	■	157 R	158 G	159 Y	160 J	161 W	162 T	163 X	■	164 A
165 T	166 D	■	167 M	168 I	169 N	170 M	■	171 Y	172 D	■	173 W	■	174 E	175 B	176 M	177 R
178 G	179 W	180 P	181 Q	182 V	183 L	■	184 Y	185 C	■	186 P	187 J	188 B	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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Waifs of LP

C. G. BURKE

THIS is an account of failure, in two senses. It is an examination of some records that have failed to capture public favor, and a record of an inquiry that failed to produce an inclusive compelling reason for their failure. The original hope was to find an enlightening simplification, but this hope died quickly before the accumulation of evidence that records fail not for one reason but a dozen, that complications prevail and presumably always will.

Still, the survey has interest from the nature of the failures surveyed: they are all *good* records. That is, they are all discs recorded to a competent technical standard and performed in all cases with efficiency and in some with distinction. No example falls obviously below the average expected from the manufacturer involved, and although some of the discs were inconspicuous in the LP flood most of them were praised by a majority of reviewers.

These records failed without ambiguity. To call their sales disappointing would be like declaring that Waterloo was a disappointment to Napoleon. The public disdained or at least ignored the records. They were flops; and if in some cases we can discern plausible and probable causes, in others we cannot, and the latter cases must remain mysterious or very incompletely explained.

A cursory inspection brings comforting corroboration of a feeling most of us have had: that the strongest single attractive or repellant force is the real or imagined nature of the music itself, as suggested by the name of its composer and its title printed on the label. It is an axiom in the industry that any record bearing the name of Mozart is automatically successful, which indicates beyond dispute that many thousands of music-lovers purchase records before hearing them, the melancholy quality of numerous Mozart recordings being no protected secret.

If the Mozart production, near the temporal middle of our repertory, is a lodestone of great compulsion, large blocks of music near the temporal extremes are commercially poison ivy. Pre-Bach and post-Strauss are dangerous and perplexing epochs, in whose deceitful recesses the public exercises greater discrimination than the manufacturers. Is Monteverdi to the taste of discophiles? Well, very moderately at best. So with Buxtehude and Lully: there is a public for them if a restricted one; but for which Lully, how much Buxtehude?

The problem with contemporaries is similar. Excepting only Stravinsky (assimilable now as easily as Dickens —indeed, to this age more easily), every living composer is subjected to a close scrutiny and precise differentiation. Stravinsky himself, in certain guises, is received coldly: the larger musical public has been trained to expect from him a continuity of reassuring Russian orgies, and is inclined to resist works less athletic. His Mass (RCA Victor LM 17) and even the "Apollon Musagète" (RCA Victor LM 1096), both conducted by himself in clean recordings, have given no joy to the Victor sales department.

Serge Prokofiev has had already five or six musical periods, and evidently anything may be expected from him. The public scrutinizes and accepts some Prokofiev discs with varying degrees of enthusiasm while implacably resisting others. His Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, on RCA Victor and Columbia respectively, have failed to please in spite of outstanding performances by great orchestras.

There is no question that Poulenc, Satie, and Schoenberg are, to many, intimidating names. A glistening presentation of the Organ Concerto in G

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Minor by the first, on Columbia ML 4329, a brilliant recording of the second's "Parade" (with Auric's "Les Matelots"), on Columbia ML 2112, and a fleeting excerpt from the third's "Gurre-Lieder," on Columbia ML 2140, have aroused no public interest. It is true that there are some complicating factors here: the Satie-Auric is short measure for LP, and a mere excerpt may displease those disposed to favor the "Gurre-Lieder." The comparatively great success enjoyed by the recent Columbia "Wozzeck" seems to confirm this view, particularly since the disdained "Gurre-Lieder" disc has, overside, a "Wozzeck" episode.

Modern British and American music, despite the advantages of patriotic réclame, finds music-lovers more cautious than chauvinistic. Bernstein's "Age of Anxiety" (Columbia ML 4325), Blitzstein's "Airborne Symphony" (RCA Victor DM 1117), Britten's "Rape of Lucretia" (RCA Victor DM 1288), Virgil Thomson's "Plow That Broke the Plains" and "Four Saints," both on RCA Victor, Randall Thompson's "Testament of Freedom" (RCA Victor), Vaughan Williams's Sixth Symphony and "London" Symphony, in excellent performances on Columbia and RCA Victor respectively, Copland's "Appalachian Spring" and Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," both on RCA Victor, and Ives's Sonata No. 2 (Columbia ML 4250), though technically superior recordings, have been disheartening failures.

The historically illuminating and occasionally very interesting "Amfiparnaso" of Vecchi, a bold effort from Cetra-Soria, has been the least successful of that company's records. Allegro's "Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Organ Music," a valuable epitome, has attracted few purchasers, and "German Song from the Minnesingers to the Seventeenth Century" has been no more successful. Two bright recordings of Janacek on Westminster 5071 have been ignored.

The records enumerated above, of music by composers pretty new or very old, have a common tendency to repel conservative tastes. Justifiably or not, they incite opposition. Another class of music is neglected because in the wide public it incites nothing. This is by composers whose fame has been overshadowed by the greater fame of some contemporaries, The quality inherent in their works has tempted the smaller manufacturers, and some of it has tempted the manufacturers' customers. But much of it has not, including a procession of minor masterpieces. Decca cannot sell her eight light and fragrant Boyce Symphonies well performed by the Zimbler Sinfonietta (DX 105). Westminster has had very restricted response to the appeal of the Hummel Septet on 5018 and little more to the beauty and grace of Violin Concertos by Viotti and Nardini on 5049. The musical enthusiasm of this company in issuing six inventive String Trios by Boccherini on 5042 and 5046, and unique works by Locatelli and Karl Stamitz on 5030 and 5017 respectively, have been rewarded by persistent public indifference. Sor's Grand Sonata for Guitar, on Allegro AL 76, has obtained few purchasers.

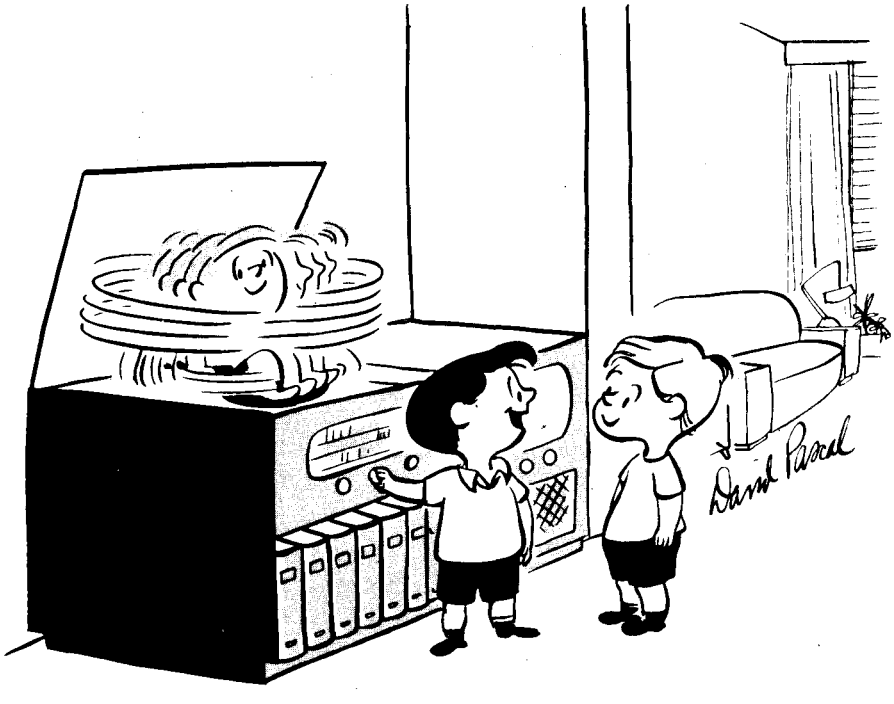
ALTHOUGH discophiles welcome everything of Mozart and Beethoven, and nearly everything of Bach, many are satisfied with a token representation of certain famous composers. There is rough going for Dvorak beyond the Symphonies called Five and Four, as Westminster has discovered in efforts to persuade discophiles to examine further. An unnumbered Symphony in E Flat, exhilarating if no masterpiece, brightly recorded on 5029, has been publicly overlooked; and so have the fine Sonata for Violin, Opus 57 (5015) and the String Quintet, Opus 77 (5026). Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" and "Serva Padrona" have not stimulated the public to investigate the merits of four concertos on 4001-2.

Perhaps half of all failures-despite-merit have been caused by hostility or indifference to the music itself. The other half have been produced by a heterogeny of causes, several of which may combine in a single disc. *A major work exploited by a minor reputation* is often a failure. Beethoven's Sonata Opus 111, played by Jacob Lateiner on Columbia ML 4335, belongs to this class. No matter that Mr. Lateiner plays with skill and understanding: he confronts a strong reluctance on the part of music-lovers to accept his limited fame as a suitable companion for the grand Sonata. The only LP of Schubert's "Schwanengesang" is sung by Ralph Herbert on Allegro AL 16 with judicious emotion, but few buy the edition because Mr. Herbert's reputation falls short of the music's celebrity.

The success of many good recordings is thwarted by *careless, improper, or unlucky presentation.* Three piano trios by Haydn in Decca album DX 104 are beautifully played but grudgingly purchased. They do not constitute a complete or particularly reasonable assemblage, and they occupy three rather short sides with a short work for solo piano on the fourth. That is plainly inferior value for the dollar; Fernando Valenti's pair of Handel harpsichord suites on Allegro AL 23 offer only fifteen minutes of music on the two-sided disc. It is a naive manufacturer who thinks the public does not balk at this.

Public demand for special categories of music can be quickly satisfied. Haydn masses, profuse and successful on LP at first, saturated their market subsequently. By an unfair irony the best musical realization save one of these has experienced the most disappointing sales: the "Saint Cecilia" Mass (Haydn Society 2028), a robust recording which came too late. Admittedly there is a complication here, for it is the only Haydn mass to oc-

(*Continued on page* 56)



"What'll it be for you? 33 1/3, 45, or the regular 78?"

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

VIENNA.

AFTER a very slow season here, the dullest experienced by this writer since the end of the war, a series of interesting musical events impends which will not only redeem the past season but also affect the recording industry in no small degree.

Foremost of these, perhaps, is the announcement that the Vienna Symphony will record on tape the entire Festival of International Contemporary Music to take place in Salzburg during the latter half of June. A large portion of these tapes have already been accepted by several American recording firms. This is a practical method for the average small U.S. company to secure large-scale orchestral and choral works of the modern repertoire, works which are extremely expensive to record and whose potential sales are undoubtedly not very large.

The programs of this "Salzburg Festival" (not to be confused with the regular Mozart Festival occurring in August) include nine orchestral and four chamber-music concerts with a huge list of works by Austrian, German, French, Swiss, Belgian, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, English, Yugoslavian, Italian, Australian, Israeli, American, Icelandic (!), Cuban, and Russian composers. Conductors include Herbert Häfner (whose recording of Berg's "Lulu" is to be issued by U.S. Columbia), Ferenc Fricsay, now chief of both the RIAS Radio orchestra and the opera in Berlin (and a splendid musician), Bernhard Paumgartner, Joseph Messner, and many others. One of the major events will be the performance of the colorful Missa Solemnis by Orazio Benevoli, composed in 1628 for the consecration of the Salzburg cathedral. This monster mass is scored for sixteen soloists, four choirs, six orchestras and two organs—a total of fifty-three written parts. The writer will report on this event, together with the forthcoming Vienna Festival, which promises a series of equally exciting events, such as Karajan appearing with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London; Hindemith conducting all of the "Brandenburg" Concertos; two oratorios of Frank Martin —both to be recorded; Schoenberg's "Gurre-Lieder," to be sung with all of the leading choirs and the combined Vienna Symphony and Vienna Philharmonic, and so on—an endless succession of major musical events. Three firms are quietly fighting for the rights to the "Gurre-Lieder," but in any case it will probably be made available in the United States by one of them. As if this were not enough, English Columbia has begun work on a recording of the Bach Mass in B Minor with the Vienna Philharmonic, Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and notable soloists conducted by Herbert von Karajan.

A new orchestra has also come to the fore here, the Chamber Orchestra of the Vienna State Academy of Music, whose resident conductor is Mr. Hans Swarowsky. The first concert of this group took place in the Imperial Theatre of the Schönbrunn Palace recently. The director of the orchestral portion of the evening was the dynamic American conductor William Strickland (former leader of the Nashville Symphony and a frequent guest at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington). The program consisted exclusively of modern American music. Choral pieces by Barber, Copland, Virgil Thomson, and Randall Thompson were played by the Akademie Kammerchor under Mr. Grossman, while Strickland conducted Piston's Concertino for Piano and Orchestra (soloist was the scholarly Austrian Alexander Jenner) and Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915." Surprisingly enough, in view of the Viennese horror of modern music, the concert was a great success, and an LP record of the choral pieces and the Piston Concertino was made afterwards and will be released in America shortly. Several Haydn symphonies with this group, conducted by Swarowsky and Loibner (teacher of the opera class at the Academy and conductor at the Vienna State Opera) have been recorded for Vox.

A wave of Bruckner-Mahler recording has just produced Bruckner's Ninth in Loewe's version (i.e. *not* the "Urfassung") and Mahler's Third, as well as the Bruckner Overture in G minor and Mahler's Fourteen "Jugendgesänge," all with the Vienna Symphony conducted by F. Charles Adler and (for the Mahler songs) Herbert Häfner; these are promised for release on the SPA label. Mahler's Ninth was just made for Vox by the Vienna Symphony under Jascha Horenstein. SPA has also taped some other interesting music with Adler, such as the early Symphony in F minor by Richard Strauss, the Tchaikovsky First Symphony, a Flute Concerto by Frederick the Great and another by his court composer Quantz, and a Trumpet Concerto by the Austrian composer Kaufmann, the solo part beautifully played by Helmut Wobisch.

Sometimes one begins to wonder how the members of the Vienna Symphony manage to put in the schedule they do. The first horn player (Franz Koch) told me a couple of weeks ago that he had just completed a week of forty-two hours playing, an average of six hours a day. The string players often double this figure. It is astounding, under the circumstances, how they can make something like the Mahler Ninth sound as well as they did during the one session I managed to hear.

—H. C. ROBBINS LANDON.

* * *

LONDON.

ON May 26 the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared on a London concert platform for the first time. Having been in Paris in connection with the "Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century" festival, the orchestra crossed the channel and spared us one evening before embarking for home. Despite greatly increased prices, every seat and every inch of standing room in the Royal Festival Hall had been sold, but the venture nearly came to grief when the players, having reached London in the morning, found that the trucks carrying their instruments, music, and evening clothes had got stuck on French roads behind a bicycle race; it required special cooperation from British Railways so that these necessary items could reach London by half past seven (the concert had meanwhile been put off from eight until nine o'clock, and a rehearsal in the hall was, of course, an impossibility).

Under the circumstances no one would have been surprised if the anxious waiting hours had left their mark on the playing; instead we were treated to a dazzling exhibition of orchestral virtuosity and tonal splendor such as the Festival Hall has not known in the thirteen months of its existence.

Charles Munch conducted a twentieth-century program which, besides such "classics" as "La Mer" and "Daphnis et Chloé," included Honegger's Fifth Symphony and Rous-

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sell's "Bacchus et Ariane," while American music was represented by Barber's "School for Scandal" Overture and Piston's Toccata. The choice of music came in for considerable criticism, but it was obviously tied up with the Paris repertoire, and in the event it enabled us to focus our attention on an orchestra which is surely without peer in the world today. During the last few years we have heard such bodies as the Vienna Philharmonic, Concertgebouw, La Scala, New York Philharmonic-Symphony, and Philadelphia Orchestra in this country (not forgetting our own Royal Philharmonic and Philharmonia), but not one of these surpassed the over-all splendor of the Boston Symphony. With the sound of the "Danse Générale" from "Daphnis" still ringing in my ears as it resounded in the Festival Hall at about eleven o'clock on May 26, may I express the hope (a hope shared by a packed auditorium that night) that we shall not have to wait another seventy-one years before the men of Boston, Mass., visit us again, complete with instruments, music, and all other necessary paraphernalia?

LITTLE news has leaked out of Hayes during the past month, though it appears that EMI still cannot make a decision as to what recording characteristic to adopt for their LP's; the burning question remains whether "to pre-emphasize or not to pre-emphasize." Decca, having dealt with such problems on the basis of practical experience during two years of marketing LP in this country, has just issued its eleventh LP list, a list which represents this company's shortcomings as well as its great virtues. On the credit side I must mention the most faithful piece of orchestral recording I have heard to date, the complete score of Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake," as used by the Sadlers Wells Ballet, played on two discs by the London Symphony Orchestra under Anatole Fistoulari. This is not the kind of music likely to attract the "Hi-Fi exhibitionist," nor is the performance as outstanding in its way as, say, the Ansermet "Petrouchka" (though the playing is, for the most part, highly enjoyable), but it is difficult to believe that monaural will ever be able to get much closer to binaural reality than it has done on these four sides (see page 45).

I find it hard to understand why Decca should continue to issue, side by side with such outstanding achievements as the new "Swan Lake," inferior dubbings of old 78-rpm recordings. It seems to me that such dubbings can only be justified where the performance in question is of a particularly superior order and if the engineers are able to transcribe it without appreciable loss of quality. Neither condition is fulfilled in the case of Franck's Symphony and "Symphonic Variations" (Munch and the Conservatoire Orchestra, with Eileen Joyce), nor is it with Haydn's "Military" and "London" Symphonies (London Philharmonic under Van Beinum and Krips). It seems such a short-sighted policy, especially as the works affected are, more often than not, those having particularly wide appeal.

The 78-rpm records are now leading something of a twilight existence, Tin Pan Alley products always excepted; few are being issued and fewer are being purchased. The June releases include some remnants from Beecham's HMV period, two discs containing three short works by Frederick Delius admirably suited to the time of the year—"Summer Night on the River," "Summer Evening," and "A Song Before Sunrise." The playing of the Royal Philharmonic is exceedingly beautiful and Sir Thomas, as always with Delius's music, has secured performances that are laden with atmosphere. Chausson's "Poème," Opus 25, has been done again by Yehudi Menuhin, assisted this time by Boult and the London Philharmonic, but the new version is less satisfactory than his performance of the early Thirties. HMV's otherwise good recording is marred by some surprisingly clumsy tape-joins (in the middle of 78-rpm sides!). Among single orchestral discs we find a rousing performance of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" Overture by the Philharmonia and Kubelik; on Columbia the Vienna Philharmonic under Karajan gives us a characteristic "Fledermaus" Overture, while Parlophone contributes some stirring and delightful Marches by Cherubini, written "pour la Garde Nationale," which are splendidly played by the London Baroque Wind Orchestra conducted by Karl Haas.

By the time these lines appear in print Kirsten Flagstad should be busy with the complete recording of "Tristan und Isolde" (under Furtwängler) which may well be the *pièce de résistance* of the first HMV long-playing list next October. In her latest issue she sings Bach's "Komm, süsser Tod" with majestically beautiful tone, but the intonation is not always up to her usual standard; Löhner's hymn "O Ewigkeit," on the other hand, is sung to perfection.

BEFORE closing this month's report I must mention a newly published book of the greatest importance to gramophiles on both sides of the Atlantic. This is the "World's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music," compiled by Francis F. Clough and G. J. Cuming, the most comprehensive work of its kind ever published.* It is the first book to list "all electrically recorded music of worthwhile interest from every record-producing country in the world, both available and deleted." Some pre-electric discs of "unique interest" are also included, but the period that really concerned the authors was 1925-1950. The first edition already contains a voluminous supplement covering May 1950 to June 1951, and further supplements are scheduled to follow.

The project was announced two years ago, when a subscription list was opened (the authors were unable to proceed until they had a certain number of definite orders), and it now appears that its publication was helped by support from Decca, whose name appears with Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson as co-publishers. I have not had time to study this encyclopedia in any detail, but it is obvious that it will be of far greater value to the student of records than such previous works of reference as "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia." Only enthusiasts of the most fanatical type could accomplish a task like this (a task that is never finished), and five guineas does not seem an excessive price to pay for the result of such heroic labors. Despite its incredible thoroughness it is not a pedantic work; occasionally minor recordings of much-duplicated pieces are passed off as "etc., etc.," and I was delighted to see at the foot of a list of some twenty versions of "Le Cygne" by Saint-Saëns the words "and most other cellists." It is surely a sign of rare sanity when, in the middle of so monumental a task, the authors are able to show that they have not lost their sense of humor.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

**Distributed in the U.S.A. by London Records; $17.50 at book and record shops.*

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"Boris" to "Beaucaire"

IRVING KOLODIN

THE prospects, simultaneously, of complete LP's of "Boris," Verdi's "Macbeth," and Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" would normally suggest only one problem—how the eager purchaser would find the means to buy the best, yet resist the irresistible. The answer, however, is rather simpler than it would seem; for all have some critical disadvantage, and none is quite overwhelming.

Taken altogether, there is the most quality in the Russian "Boris" which is marketed here by Period on three LP's (SPL 554, $8.50) from an original made by soloists, orchestra, and chorus of the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, directed by N. S. Golovanov. The best opinion is that these are dubbed from 78's, a theory supported by more than customary surface sound in the quieter passages. However, if done this way, the job has been skilfully done, with only a few poor splices between what were originally 78 sides.

The recording may be described as powerful and a little dead, but generally well balanced. Pirogoff (singers don't have first names in the USSR) is a splendid voice for Boris, bigger and deeper than such as Kipnis and Pinza, whom we have been hearing recently. He is also an impressive actor with his voice, who delivers a convincing study of the Moussorgskian "Boris." His associates are equally good, save for Turtschina, the mezzo who sings the music of the innkeeper with a quavery unpleasant sound.

Musically, the performance follows the second version with Rimsky-Korsakoff's scoring, but omits the scene of Marina and Rangoni, places the Revolutionary Scene at the end and restores the scene before the Cathedral of St. Basil from the first version. Since it isn't likely that a full-length "Boris" in Russian is going to originate any place else than Russia, this will probably remain as the standard for quite some time.

The same thing may be said about Verdi's "Macbeth," with a German text, from Vienna (Urania 220, $17.95); however, the implications in the two instances are quite different. I find "Macbetto" bad enough in the Italian text of Piave; add to this a further wince each time one hears such phrases as "Edler von Clamis" (for "Thane of Glamis") or "Und ganz Arabien versüsst nicht diese kleine Hand mit seinem Balsamduft" ("All the perfumes of Arabia, etc") and the tortures of the language are evident.

What is more trying is the kind of overstrained, unlegato singing that Elisabeth Hoengen (Lady Macbeth) and Matthieu Ahlersmeyer (Macbeth) provide for Verdi's music. Both of these are intelligent, conscientious singers, but their voices are so absurdly overprominent in the recording scheme that minor flaws are relentlessly exposed. There is little vocal inflection to speak of, and the level of sound is always mezzo-forte or louder. Both avoid as many of the cadenzas and leaps in Verdi's virtuoso parts as they choose, a noticeable compromise when Hoengen shies away completely from the high D at the end of the sleep-walking scene.

What is best in this project is the strong, sometimes over-energetic conducting of Karl Böhm, the sound of the big orchestra and chorus, the effect of some of the climaxes. But the electrical vibrations that we are supposed to believe are the equivalent of human voices do not appeal to my ear at all. In fact, I found it a chore to listen through the six sides, so strained, distorted, and unnatural are the vocal effects Urania fancies.

—Sovfoto.

Pirogoff—"an actor with his voice."

As for the work itself, it is one of the most inconsistent of the unknown Verdi works with an esoteric reputation. Some of it is splendidly forceful (especially Lady Macbeth's letter scene and Macbeth's death), and there are grand effects in every scene that could only be the creation of Verdi. At the same time, Donizetti's "Lucia" is as close as Verdi comes to Scotch atmosphere, and the purple panoply of Meyerbeer is often evident. Perhaps these contradictions would mean less in a performance less intensely contradictory than this one is throughout; as it is, I find little sustained pleasure at any point.

AS for the "Cosi fan tutte" from Stuttgart (Period SPL 555, $18.50), it is merely second rate, tepid in spirit, and limited in vocal virtue, with no animating pulse from Josef Dünwald, who conducts. Among the singers, I found relative satisfaction with Karl Hoppe, who sings Guglielmo, but Erna Hassler (Fiordiligi), Hetty Plümacher (Dorabella), and Käthe Nentwig (Despina) though well-intentioned are rather overburdened with the requirements of their music. Franz Kelch is a competent buffo as Don Alfonso. Clarity and balance are the prime merits of the recording, which suffers from the small size of the orchestra, the lack of richness in the ensembles. It is pertinent to mention that the Metropolitan "Cosi" (in English, of course) is now on tape, and will be issued in the fall.

Coincident issues of "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Cetra-Soria 1233, $11.90) and "Il Trovatore" (Columbia SL 120 $11.60) continue established sequences from both makers, but the virtue is decidedly with Cetra. Why Columbia should choose to reissue its prewar "Trovatore," which was no masterwork when new and is now far from new, is hard to say. (It is also pertinent to mention that RCA Victor's "Trovatore" with Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren, and Barbieri will be available in the fall.) Lorenzo Molajoli's conducting is still an invigorating experience in "Trovatore," not so the strained vocal work of Bianca Sciacciati (Leonora), Francesco Merli (Manrico), and Giuseppina Zinneti (Azucena). Cetra's "Cavalleria" is a typically well-regulated product, skilfully directed by Arturo Basile, with Achille Braschi singing Turiddu strongly in a fresh young voice new to discs and Giulietta Simionato is an admirable Santuzza. Carlo Tagliabue is the Alfio as he has been, lo! these many years.

One kind of writing more of us know less about than most other things is the genre "opéra-comique,"

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which has had little live life in this country of recent years, and not much on discs. However, if Pathé-Vox persists in the kind of enterprise that has produced lengthy samplings of Lecocq's "La Fille de Madame Angot" (PL 20000, $5.95) and Messager's "Monsieur Beaucaire" (PL 20300, $5.95) in recent weeks, we shall soon know as much about it as we do about Buxtehude and the lesser fantasias of Purcell.

The pair of samples is fortunate, for it provides a greater classicist of the school, Lecocq, who was patronized and fostered by Offenbach, in contrast with a relatively modern imitator who not only presided over the Opéra in Paris at some critical moments of its history, but also was a skilled impressario at Covent Garden in the early years of this century. As tends to be conventional in such exemplars of a style when separated by five or six decades, Lococq has the verve, the gusto, the abandon of a man exploring a manner and giving it his personal imprint, Messager the rather tired, more cultivated, yet often insinuating accent of a descendant trying to recapture a mood yet not daring to be labeled a mere imitator.

IN both, however, one hears the essential trait that sets French light music apart from that of almost any other nation (the Viennese sort included)—an easy assimilation of cultured ways that serves as an auxiliary to but never an intrusion on the primary business of giving pleasure. Johann Strauss unquestionably struck the greatest coup in the fevered nights and days that produced "Die Fledermaus," but the year in and year out product of his French colleagues resident in Paris was rather remarkably high.

Some applaudable signs of unity in this series may be noted in the skilful direction of both scores by Jules Gressier, the appearance of the gifted Michel Dens as Ange Pitou in the Lecocq and Monsieur Beaucaire in the Messager, and the high level of talent called upon as implementing factors in both: Solange Michel as Mme. Lange and Lina Dachary as Clairette in "La Fille de Madame Angot," Martha Angelici as Lady Mary Carlisle and Liliane Berthon as Lady Lucy in "Monsieur Beaucaire." It should hardly be necessary to add, but it is well to do so—the beautiful language is spoken and sung with all the variety and charm that it possesses. The recording in both instances is quite what it ought to be: clear, precise, and non-boisterous. The annotations are of more than average value.

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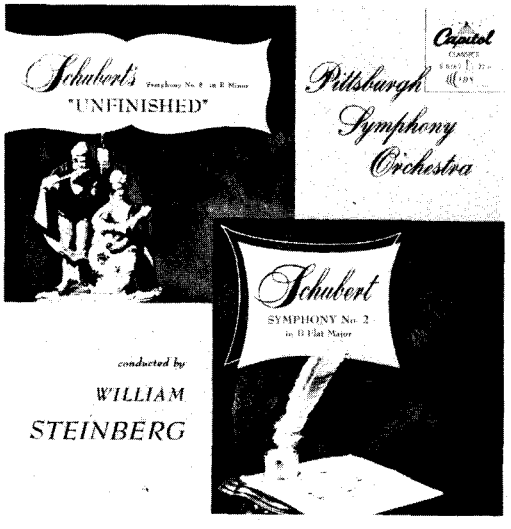
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A New "Porgy" in Dallas

JOHN ROSENFIELD

DALLAS.

THE newest version of George and Ira Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," unveiled here recently with William Warfield as Porgy and Leontyne Price as Bess, seems likely to last longer than any of its predecessors and go much farther. Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Washington impend, with Berlin, London, and Edinburgh thereafter. Latest advices are that New York and the Metropolitan Opera House will have to wait until after Europe, for the State Department is urging speedy exportation.

Blevins Davis, art patron and capitalist of Independence, Missouri, designed this "Porgy" to meet what he says is an emphatic European demand for the Gershwin opera in its stage form. Confutation of Russian propaganda on America's dearth of native culture and subjugation of the Negro is, admittedly, in Davis's mind also. Robert Breen has staged the work carefully, and the production is impressive, but this is primarily a sumptuously sung "Porgy," of which Miss Price has been the Dallas sensation. She was recruited from the Juilliard School, where she sang Mistress Ford in a student production of Verdi's "Falstaff." The voice, a bright and focussed soprano, has great impact, but even this is only half of it. She brought a lively theatrical imagination to the role of Bess, limning the animal passion and the alternating goodness of Crown and Porgy's woman with such vivid detail that the first-night audience lost its composure when she took her final curtain call.

She is the subject of a pretty story that skipped right down Blevins Davis's alley. Miss Price hails from Laurel, Miss., where white gentry, if you please, took her under wing and insured her education and musical training. A good part of white Laurel, including the mayor, was in Dallas to cheer her. If this could happen in Mississippi, it could happen anywhere.

Miss Price was both lyrical and gutty. Alone of the cast she had the second nature of the Southern Negro as of Charleston, S. C., circa 1910. Otherwise it was a curiously de-Africanized "Porgy and Bess" that Breen delivered. A reason, perhaps, is what has happened to the Negro population between 1935 and 1952. The strutting and shouting, the dialect English, the primitive reactions now have to be acquired. Warfield, for example, determinedly sang "I've Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" as "I've Got Plenty of Nothing." All Breen saved by importing his Negro cast was burnt cork.

But curiously this flavor of operatic impersonation helped "Porgy and Bess." The Gershwin score, as has long been observed, is no more authentically Negroid than Bizet's "Carmen" is Spanish. It is compounded of ragtime and blues when not derived, sometimes beautifully, from Puccini and Schumann. The music, like the book, is about Negroes, not of them.

Warfield was an appealing if not incisive Porgy dramatically, winning more by warmth of personality than by acting technique. Vocally he was everybody's favorite, with the audience conscious of hearing a baritone of Warren or Merrill mettle. For him the "Buzzard Song," cut from the original presentation by Gershwin himself, was restored and worked into a new spot, the last act. After bowing to Schumann's "Prophet Bird," Gershwin wrote a dark, powerful number and a swooping orchestration to go under it.

Helen Thigpen was a total alien in Catfish Row but it didn't matter. Serena's main job was what Gershwin called an arioso, "My Man's Gone Now," which she sang with magnificent vocal art and the operatic breadth of an Amneris. It brought down the house. In fact, the singing of the three principals was enough to insure full success for the enterprise. There were other bits to admire, including Helen Colbert's ethereal delivery of "Summertime," Helen Dowdy's fascinating strawberry calls (which she is said to have given Gershwin back in 1935), Georgia Burke's enveloping Maria, and the sheer size of six-foot-six Samuel McCurry, who played the Crown.

The "Porgy and Bess" music has been excerpted every other day by recitalists and orchestras playing the well-known symphonic synthesis. In context, the tunes regain their freshness, and the whole work pulses with inspiration and sincerity. Phrases seldom heard, like the funeral music and the chattering Tchaikovskian accompaniment for Hizzoner Lawyer Frazier, were new delights.

Leontyne Price—"animal passion."

A snipping here and there has removed dead spots, an old complaint. From a libretto standpoint "Porgy and Bess" is less than a perfect opera. The curtain moments are weak and the Haywards with Ira Gershwin somehow managed to end it with nobody of importance in audience sight. Something was gained by moving the third Catfish Row scene out of the second act to the end of the first.

The scenery of Wolfgang Roth (of New York) did not try to follow tradition or even DuBose Hayward's identification of Catfish Row. Nevertheless, Roth painted an authentic corner of squalor with a variety of muted hues and structures. His Kittiwah Island was less successful with its stylized flora and exotic colors. He plans to try another one. Serena's bedroom revolved into view cunningly for the hurricane episode.

Davis and Breen found their costumer in Dallas, Jed Mace, the young man who has been dressing both Margo Jones's Theatre '52 and the Civic Playhouse. His achievement of drab realism with theatrical accents was remarkably resourceful. He also went crazy in a nice way for the finery in the picnic procession.

Alexander Smallens conducts, as he did for the Theatre Guild in 1935 and for Cheryl Crawford seven years later. Time has not tempered his enthusiasm for "Porgy" or his operatic conception. He had a first-class orchestra of mostly Dallas Symphony players.

A commercial note may be out of place, but we can't resist it. The advance sale indicates a gross of $85,000 for the fourteen performances.

John Rosenfield is the entertainment editor of the Dallas News.

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Total "Swan Lake"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Lac des Cygnes." Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LL 565/66, $5.95.)

"SWAN LAKE" is not the first Tchaikovsky ballet I would choose to have at duple LP length ("Sleeping Beauty" would certainly be first and "Nutcracker" next), but that is something like saying one would rather have two birthdays a year rather than semi-annual Christmases. The rewards in the present instance are sufficient for one not to want to question this particular gift war-horse.

By any criteria, Tchaikovsky's ballet scores are abiding wonders of their genre, whether or not one takes into consideration that they were written to fit so much music to so many measures of action. Regarded simply as freely inspired creations for a given story, they are remarkable; regarded as works disciplined by an extraneous script to allow just so much music per mood, they are marvelous examples of craftsmanship.

It is hard to say whether "Swan Lake" or "Sleeping Beauty" has been more disserved by conventional treatment in excerpt form; but it is almost certain that "Swan Lake," with its main English horn theme graven into everybody's mind, has been falsified by that treatment into a mere series of black events against the white of the swans. As previous extensive versions directed by Kostelanetz and Golschmann have suggested, and this even fuller treatment proves, there is far more in the score than is commonly suspected. How much I leave each listener to discover for himself. No one should be disappointed.

Though Fistoulari is identified on the record box as "one time *chef d'orchestre* for Basil's Ballet Russe," that has little validity in the present instance because the company rarely, if ever, gave more than a drastically truncated version of the score. On the whole, Fistoulari's treatment is more concert hall than ballet, though not finally inclined in one direction or the other. Rather, it is clean, rhythmic, straightforward direction, uncontaminated by expertise or special pleading, and recorded with a full-blooming richness of tone such as London knows well how to obtain. —I. K.

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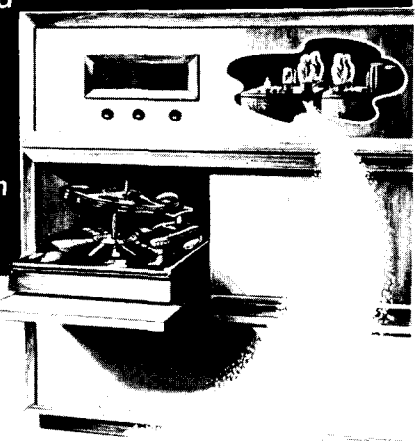

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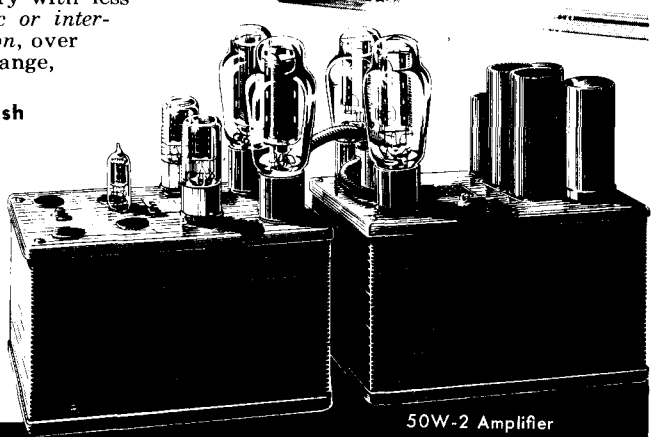

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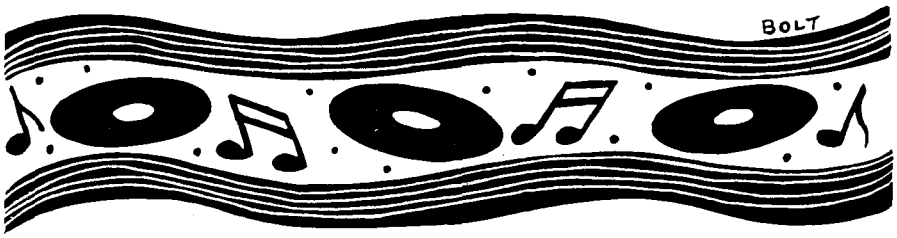

Spotlight on the Moderns

ARTHUR BERGER

IT HAS long been acknowledged that linear asymmetry in Schoenberg's music is a further phase of Wagner's "endless melody"—melody, that is to say, which does not fall into balanced or discrete sections and set pieces. No work demonstrates this point more clearly than Schoenberg's "Erwartung" (Columbia ML 4524, $5.45). This "monodrama," written in 1909, is as adventurous in its morbid plot and its cast of but a single character as it is in its musical inspirations. But whether it is to be acknowledged as an opera or not, it provides a direct link between Wagner and the German opera of our century, not only by itself but also in its important role as model for Berg's "Wozzeck."

"Erwartung" stems from an intermediate period separating Schoenberg's frankly post-Wagnerian stage from his ultimate crystallization of twelve-tone technique. The Tristanesque contours evocative of love-death and frustration had not yet been subjected to the compression and abstraction that makes them, in his later music, barely recognizable as such. In proportion to the degree in which Wagnerian curves have become freer and more elusive in "Erwartung," the emotions are, to be sure, considerably more tortured. Nor does non-repetitive "endless melody" have here the sobering frame of the recurrent motives in Wagner's orchestra to act as a buffer. If the absence of the leitmotiv is to be computed as a loss (I rather doubt that it is such), against this may be measured the remarkable gains from Schoenberg's far more transparent orchestra. Instrumental colors are conceived with utmost imagination and aural sensitivity, and do much to establish the eerie atmosphere. But they almost never overpower the singer. The vocal line constantly inflects the word, its sound and feeling, and the background is a judicious commentary of chamber music.

If the inflection does not change measurably in the half-hour duration, except to undulate between tenuous foreboding and hysterical release, it is because as in Wagner the gloom is unrelieved. But we forbear with Wagner through his prolix discourses on the woes of gods and men because of the bold inspirations along the way; and acceptance of Schoenberg's middle period involves like forbearance. The barrier presented by the suspension of tonality is quite secondary. In the theatre, preferably with the aid of fluid, surrealist cinema technique with one shot dissolving into the next, and with glimpses into the inner mind of the frantic protagonist, there need scarcely be any impression of excessive length in this tale of the woman who goes to a tryst in the dark woods with her lover, suffers hallucinations, talks to herself (sings) in half-completed phrases, stumbles on his corpse, and makes love to it. But even as a concert-piece, though it may seem insufficiently varied to some ears, it has many rewards, and in Dorothy Dow's astonishing performance with the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, "Erwartung" is a highly significant addition to the LP catalogue. The soprano negotiates the relentless range and skips with phenomenal ease, and Mitropoulos gives us one more instance of his uncanny ability to translate the most complex modern scores into clear and authentic sound.

On the reverse side, the febrile expressive impulses of Schoenberg are tempered by his most cerebral, sometimes even a bit academic, disciple Krenek in a neat "Symphonic Elegy" for string orchestra, which offers a stirring, if brief, episode of fast music at the climax, where the one-movement work temporarily succeeds in getting off the ground.

Milhaud's new Fourth Concerto for piano and orchestra is made of very strong, compelling stuff (Columbia ML 4523, $5.45). The motion, in the two allegros, never abates, not even for the briefest caesura. But the uninterrupted continuity, the insistence of a dynamo, is achieved without giving a sense that the composer has been frantically driven to this end. Neither this aspect, nor his characteristic, densely dissonant, though well calculated, texture, mitigates the general mood of optimism. His thoroughly affable and eminently individual musical personality prevails.

The slow movement has an ominous, bizarre strain in the brasses that sounds almost as if it might have extra-musical reference. But it works very well without a program note to offset a tender revery in the piano part. The keyboard writing throughout the concerto is highly idiomatic and contrived strictly for the virtuoso. Zadel Skolovsky's impressive performance has the enthusiastic approval of the composer, who conducts the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française in this recording. On the reverse side Skolovsky is heard in the whole set of Milhaud's twelve "Saudades do Brazil," those little classics of familiarity.

THAT sturdy perennial of the LP landscape, Paul Hindemith, has three newly recorded works to his credit. The tender ballet score for Martha Graham, "Herodiade," is coupled with "Schwanendreher," which needs a better violist than Guenther Breitenbach to do it justice (Vox PL 7460, $5.95). Hindemith's "Trauermusik" is part of an assortment of string works for a variety of tastes by Turina, Villa-Lobos, and other (Stradivari LP 608, $5.95). With Louis and Rolf Persinger as featured performers, the string-playing is cultivated and expert.

Prokofiev's children's suite "Winter Holiday" is, alas, not another "Peter and the Wolf" (Westminster LP 5132, $5.95). It is typical background for a travel film, rather than anything particularly contrived to catch the child's imagination (except, perhaps, for the imitations of a train that open and close the work). The long stretch of slow music in the middle would try any audience's patience, and though I am a bit rusty on my child psychology, I suspect a juvenile listener would certainly become restless too. One's

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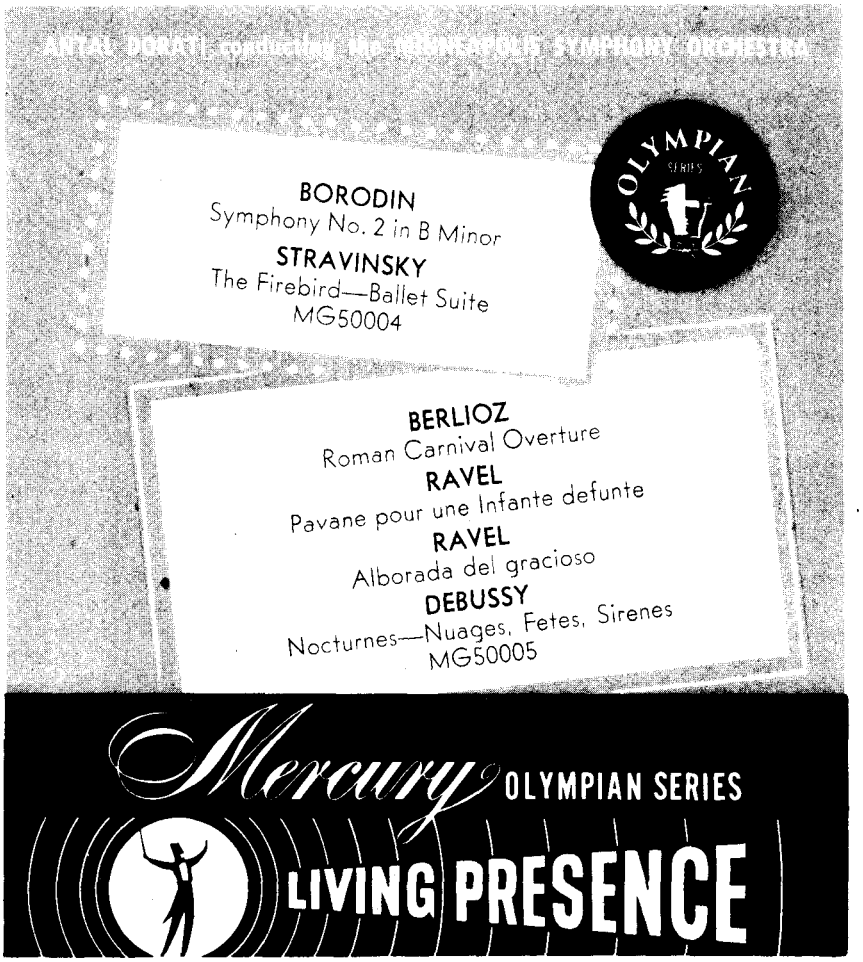
Darius Milhaud—"thoroughly affable."

admiration for Prokofiev's taste and skill returns, however, when one progresses to the folkish potpourri on the reverse side, the "Moldavian Suite," by his Soviet contemporary N. Peiko. Both works are well played by the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR.

It is not on such epigonic products as his First Suite for Orchestra, Opus 3, that Bartók built his reputation (Colosseum LP 1010, $5.95). The Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra's performance, under Fekete's direction, is rather distorted through the wow on my copy. On the jacket notes of the recording of his "Mass for Saint Sebastian" (Columbia ML 4516, $5.45) Villa-Lobos is quoted as saying: "It is closer to the sacred style than to my own style." Even this admission, frank as it is, amounts to understatement. For the work assumes the poses of early *a cappella* religious music with none of its subtlety and very little ingenuity to make most of it sound anything but *Ersatz*. Werner Janssen gets good results from the University of California chorus.

Someone probably spent a sleepless night thinking up a word-play for the name of a new company with headquarters at Saratoga Springs. SPA stands for Society of Participating Artists. My guess is the artists "participate" not only by playing but by packing as well. Its first release to come my way (LP 1, $5.95) contains music by George Antheil in a jacket that promises music by Jacobi. "Songs of Experience" (Uta Graf, soprano) is a rehash of music many times heard and superficially remembered, and Antheil's commentary at the piano (quite poorly reproduced) for recitations of Keats by Vincent Prince is downright embarrassing.



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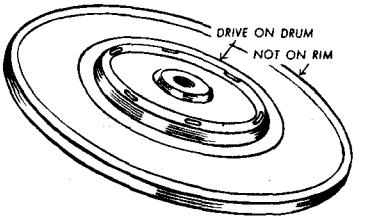

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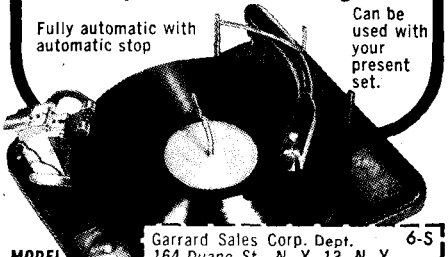

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Recordings in Review

Chopin of Several Sorts

CHOPIN: *Waltzes. Dinu Lipatti, piano.* Columbia ML 4522, $5.45.) *Waltzes. Edward Kilenyi, piano.* (Remington *LP* 199-90, $2.19.) *Sonata in B flat minor, Ballade in G minor, etc. Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* RCA Victor LM 1245, $5.72.)

OF Dinu Lipatti, his colleagues might ask, in the mock exasperation feigned by a Parisian of the 1830's when confronted by volume after volume of Schubert songs, "Who is this man Schubert who wrote nothing while he was alive and only writes masterpieces since he is dead?" Lipatti's performances of the Schumann and Grieg piano concertos recently reviewed were refreshing, warming, and full of musicianship; his just-issued collection of Chopin waltzes is all of these things, and more still— a musical testament as unique as it is absorbing.

There is nothing in the common sense prepossessing about these piano performances—no giant tone, no arresting rhythmic mannerisms, no coruscating highlights. But one realizes, as waltz succeeds waltz and subtlety is added to subtlety, that this is a kind of Chopin playing virtually unknown today—quiet, undemonstrative, but completely captivating for its directness and lack of affectation, its projection not of a way of playing but of a kind of music.

Everybody will have a different reason for being charmed by this record, but it seems to me to combine in masterful degree a sweet and unforced feeling for rubato with a highly sensitized sense of harmonic coloration (as in A flat major, Opus 64, No. 3) that make each waltz a miniature of intently absorbing feeling. Lipatti's Opus 18, No. 1 is neither "grande" nor "brilliante," but each of the others is a new reason for regretting the untimely end of this man's career on December 3, 1950, at the age of thirty-three.

It would be preposterous to measure Kilenyi's very generalized playing by the highly specialized standard of Lipatti, and we don't propose to be preposterous. At the same time, I can't find any reason for urging his methodical, well-fingered, and competent-uninteresting performances on anyone when one can have all these virtues and Lipatti's individuality too. The Remington is a shade clearer, more resonant than the Columbia, but assuming that conditions were more favorable for Kilenyi than Lipatti it should be better than it is.

The Horowitz performances of the B flat minor Sonata, the G minor Ballade, and the F sharp Nocturne have, of course, all been noted in previous 78-rpm issues and might be covered here by an allusion to the good piano sound realized in the transfers to LP. However, for all the pervasive power of the artist and the truly grand manner in the "March funèbre," one often feels, in the fresh experience of Lipatti's treatment of rubato, that Horowitz's (especially in the trio of the Scherzo) is more than a little capricious and arbitrary. Liszt's "Au bord d'une source" and Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody fill out the remainder of the disc.

Middle Strauss, and Late

STRAUSS: *"Taillefer." Hans Hotter, Walter Ludwig, and Maria Cebotari; Arthur Rother conducting;* also *"Divertimento after Couperin." The same conductor.* (Urania LP 7042, $5.95.)

"TAILLEFER" is a perfect example of the grandiose musical productions—three soloists, chorus, and orchestra of about 125—which caused the Straussian critics of fifty years (1903) ago to accuse him of musical megalomania, egocentricity, and worse. It recounts, with obvious relish, the invasion of England by William the Conqueror and gives us a kind of Drew Pearson-Robert Allen "inside" on the battle of Hastings: that it was won not by the superior arms of the Normans but by the unconquerable song of the minstrel-knight, Taillefer.

This is worked up to a considerable froth by Strauss, and what is best about the recording is that it serves the froth at its foaming best, with vast explosions on oversized drums, trumpet fanfares, and cymballic rattlings considerably noisier than the equivalent section of "Heldenleben." The recording must be at least five years old, for Cebotari died nearly four years ago, and could hardly have been singing much later than 1947-8. She has little to sing and doesn't do that well, but Hotter is in splendid voice as William, and Ludwig delivers the lines of Taillefer with bright, powerful tones. In no sense a musical revelation, it is something of an acoustical one.

The overside "Divertimento after Couperin" (1940) is neither one nor the other: a rather thin succession of movements arranged from the French originals, done in a blurry, unclear manner that works against the particular need for transparent sound in such a work as this. Routine playing, dully reproduced.

Gusts of Sound

BORODIN: *Symphony No. 2 in B minor. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra;* also STRAVINSKY: *"L'Oiseau de Feu."* (Mercury MG 50004, $4.85.)

DEBUSSY: *"Nocturnes";* BERLIOZ: *"Roman Carnival Overture";* also RAVEL: *"Pavane pour une infante défunte and "Alborado del Gracioso." The same.* (Mercury MG 50005, $4.85.)

TWO things, unquestionably, are proven by this pair of releases: the Minneapolis Symphony is a better-sounding orchestra than it has been in recent memory, and the far-famed disabilities of Northrup Auditorium for recording purposes are no more a deterent to quality work by qualified engineers than (as demonstrated last month by Capitol) the Syria Mosque in Pittsburgh. I wouldn't say that the results in either case would cause one to burn down London's Kingsway Hall, but the amount of blend and resonance produced in this commonly chill area is rather remarkable.

I can't go beyond this into an expression of great enthusiasm for the performances *per se*. Dorati has always been a conductor who commands physical response from his players—what is sometimes called "dynamic"—but his inclinations are highly erratic, without the kind of integrated gradation that makes for interesting listening. Repeatedly, in "Carnival Romain," the Debussy "Fêtes," and the Borodin Symphony, gusts of sound are unleashed that are stimulating of themselves, but have little relation to a general plan or pattern. Sometimes the thickness and lack of distinction in the orchestral fabric suggests the results one might get from conducting from a piano score. If the purpose is to make "Fêtes" sound like Ravel's "Boléro," his object is achieved, but not Debussy's. The "Firebird" is nervous, over-agitated at the climaxes, with little continuity or mood. Nothing here, really, that hasn't been, or won't be, done better.

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Oistrakh on Kabalevsky

KABALEVSKY: *Concerto for Violin. David Oistrakh violin, with the composer conducting;* also KHRENNIKOV: *"Much Ado About Nothing." Alexander Stassevich conducting the State Orchestra of the USSR.* (Vanguard VRS 6002, $5.95.)

KALLINNIKOV: *Symphony No. 1. N. Rachlin conducting the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR.* (Westminster WL 5136, $5.95.)

OISTRAKH plus anybody else is a better combination than almost anything else without Oistrakh, as this remarkably suave, lustrous, and elegant playing of Kabalevsky's concerto demonstrates. Even more than his forceful playing of Prokofiev commended last month, this well-recorded performance gives a full-length perspective of the inclusive talents of the world's best violinist east of Ambrose Light. Kabalevsky's work is, of itself, not without charm, especially in a thoughtful slow movement, but I should not like to be the violinist who attempts, in concert, to duplicate Oistrakh's exposition of it. Khrennikov's suite, gay and ornamental, could suit "A Comedy of Errors" or "As You Like It" as well as "Much Ado."

The good mechanical qualities of these two sides are substantially excelled in the bright, incisive playing of Kallinikov's engaging symphony. As directed by Rachlin, it has more continuity and atmosphere than the previous RCA Victor version by Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Orchestra. This does not give it very high rank among symphonies, but it has a deal of melodic charm, especially in the slow movement. The recording is equivalent to the quality achieved in New York studios three or four years ago, which is to say that it is decidedly better than any previous product from Russia, but merely in a middling bracket of efficiency as today's best recordings go.

"Idyll" and "Farewell"

WAGNER: *"Siegfried Idyll." Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra;* also HAYDN: *Symphony No. 45 ("Farewell"). The same.* (London LL 525, $5.95.)

FOR months now (not to say years) we have been lying in wait for a version of the idyllic "Siegfried Idyll" played, as it should be played for the best results, by the smallish group of instruments for which Wagner wrote it rather than the symphony-orchestra versions, full of exhortations and gestures, which are our common lot. I have tried, even, to instigate a version or two by dropping the right words in the right places—but, apparently, I don't know either.

So it is with the pleasure both of discovery and fulfilment that I pass the word that Münchinger and his merry men of Stuttgart have done the job with art and taste and communicative feeling. They have given us a version of the "Siegfried Idyll" which may not pulse so much as Toscanini's or Walter's or Furtwängler's but which, surely, re-creates the magic of this wonderful music as no other available version does. It almost convinces one, despite the manifest opposition of most virtuoso conductors since, that Wagner knew just what he was about when he scored this work as he did. One passage *is* skimpy and not quite persuasive—a C major crescendo before the big climax: but this is no fault of a recording as rich and resonant as it could be.

For that matter, it would be quite possible to enthuse as warmly about the playing of the Haydn "Farewell," which has never had so loving and just a treatment on contemporary discs. This performance realizes completely the warm pathos and the bittersweet humor that make a very special thing of Haydn's "Farewell." It also suggests that if London doesn't put Münchinger at work at once to make a dozen more Haydn symphonies, it doesn't know an incipient Scherchen when it hears one. Beautiful sound: balanced, controlled.

And, or With?

SIBELIUS: *Concerto in D Minor. Arnold Eidus and the Orchestra Society of Vienna conducted by Frederick Hummel;* also BRAHMS: *Sonata in A. Eidus, violin, with Leopold Mittmann, piano.* (Stradivarius LP 611, $5.95.)

THE expanding lore of tape recording has acquainted us with many and wonderful things—things which are recorded but are not recordings, things with names not related to the performance, invented performers, localities, perhaps even composers. What is heard here suggests the next illogical step: a tape of an orchestral performance in one place mated with a solo performance executed thousands of miles away.

If that is not the case with Eidus and the mechanical orchestral accompaniment in the background, it is time for our annual aural checkup—and no mistake. His violin is searing, close-too, luminous; the orchestral background is mushy, vague, and opaque. At the climaxing point of the first movement, the previously deceptive technological rapport breaks down into a prominent voice in the foreground, a muttering, almost offstage, in the background. To be sure, the label does not say Eidus plays "with" the Vienna Orchestra Society; only that it is Eidus "and." What price conjunctions? Not $5.95 anyway. "And" becomes "with" in the Brahms, pleasantly and efficiently.

Badura-Skoda: "zestful vitality."

Young Man's Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in B flat ("Archduke"). Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, • Jean Fournier, violin, and Antonio Janigro, cello.* (Westminster WL 5131, $5.95.)

NEITHER Jean Fournier nor Antonio Janigro is younger than the average of chamber music players, which puts the responsibility for the youthful freshness and zestful vitality of this playing precisely where it belongs—on the talents of the remarkable Badura-Skoda. Some may miss the broad sweep and lingering savor that Heifetz, Feuermann, and Rubinstein imparted to this music, but it is the proof of its protean properties that more than one treament is not alone tolerable, but stimulating. What predominates in this clean, warm, beautifully phrased performance is a special sense of the lyric surge in the music, the innumerable ways in which it clears the way for the later romanticism of Schubert in particular. Actually, at the end of the slow movement, where the variations dissolve into free improvisation, one can almost hear the historic process at work. This is a rare instance of a recording with the feel of live performance.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "Coriolan," "Egmont" Overtures. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia AAL 15, $2.85.	Strongly phrased, well-paced performances, with the great orchestra admirably reproduced. All that is lacking is a touch of re-creative warmth, of intuitive fervor, which the Ormandy of these performances does not provide. One overture per side is a bit skimpy.
Brahms: Concerto in D. Isaac Stern, violin, with Royal Philharmonic led by Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia ML 4530, $5.45.	Bold, wholly secure violin played by Stern, but without the ebb and flow, the give and take, expected in a Beecham-led concerted work. The orchestral treatment is stodgy, as though no over-all conception had been agreed upon. Broad, well-shaded recording.
Brahms: Quartet in A minor. Hollywood String Quartet. Capitol P-8163, $4.98.	Technically adroit ensemble playing, and one of the best recordings of a quartet I have heard. I am not wholly taken by the tempos, and the climaxes sometimes do not come off for lack of proper dynamic differentiation among the instruments. Very respectable work, nevertheless, especially in the slow movement, which is beautifully played.
Falla: "Tricorne." Jean Martinon conducting the Paris Opéra-Comique Orchestra, with vocal soloist. Urania LP 7034, $5.95.	Whether a complete treatment of this ballet score is really right for records may well be debated, since it has more than a little "action" music not enchanting without same. However Martinon is a vital man for the score, and Amparito Péris de Prulière an able vocalist. Powerful but sometimes strident recording, especially in over-prominent highs. The "off-stage" singer is often too loud for dramatic illusion, also.
Grainger: "Country Gardens," etc. Leopold Stokowski conducting, with the composer assisting at the piano. RCA Victor LM 1238, $5.72.	Virtually the whole Grainger repertory ("Mock Morris," "Handel in the Strand," "Molly on the Shore," and "Tune from County Derry" among others) polished to a lively glow by Stokowski, and superbly reproduced. The second side miscellany ranges from Mozart's dance with sleigh bells (here called "The Sleigh Ride") and excerpts from Schubert's "Valses sentimentales" (here called "Tyrolean Dances") to Sibelius's "Valse Triste." Splendid sound, if variable justice to the music.
Leoncavallo: "Mattinata," etc. Richard Tauber. Decca DL 9597, $5.85.	Inimitable vocalization by the unique Tauber of a full dozen specialties, including "La Paloma," "Santa Lucia," Toselli's "Serenade," Kreisler's "Liebeslied" and "Liebesfreud," etc. Marvelous vocal control and wonderful mating of music and text. The recording ranges from fair to poor.
Mendelssohn: "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; "Italian" Symphony. George Szell conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony and Cleveland Orchestras. Columbia ML 4498, $5.45.	Highly artful performance under Szell's attentive direction and clean well-balanced sound in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. However, that still leaves it short of the Toscanini standard in this captivating music. The symphony, previously issued, is swiftly, a bit too methodically, played. The excellent strings of the Ohio orchestra are worth hearing, however.
Mozart: Concertos in G (No. 3) and D (No. 4). Szymon Goldberg and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind. Decca DL 9609, $5.85.	Musicianly violin playing of the first order by Goldberg, in a manner more reminiscent of Hubermann (if not so harsh as some of that great man's best work) than purveyed by any other contemporary. Excellent support in both works by Susskind and his Philharmonians. This is recent recording, and of fine clarity, balance, and definition.
Mozart: Symphony in D ("Paris"), No. 31. Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 4474, $5.45.	A legendary Beecham specialty, done with all the keen wit, unflagging spirits, and musicianly detail of old in one of the best-sounding records produced under his new Columbia affiliation. With it is a straightforward, cleanly phrased playing of the Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony which has every virtue but freshness of feeling.
Mozart: "Batti batti" (from "Don Giovanni") and other items. Margaret Truman, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 145, $4.67.	An unwarranted ambition by Miss Truman, whose voice has more quality on this disc than heard before, but not nearly the control, foundation, or culture for her chosen repertory of "Les Filles de Cadiz" or a vocal version of the waltz from "Coppelia," least of all Mozart. Arthur Fiedler labors patiently to make something respectable of the joint enterprise, but it hardly merits distribution on labels of any color, least of all on Red Seal.
Ravel: Quartet. Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor LM 146, $4.67.	Deft, well-integrated playing, a little dry and too palpable by the standard of such other versions as the Stuyvesant and Pascal. It is also a dubious value as the whole of a ten-inch LP—the other versions offering, on a twelve-inch disc, a second work at little more money. Of itself, a successful venture, for those who like close-up quartet recording.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Capriccio Espagnole," etc. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 164, $4.67.	Good, orderly playing of the Rimsky display piece, and well reproduced, but without the plus musical values of the recent Capitol issue supervised by Désormière. Generalized treatments of Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave" and Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture are the second-side matter. Both could absorb more in personal attitude than Fiedler provides.
Schumann: "Frauenliebe und Leben." Elisabeth Hoengen, mezzo, with Ferdinand Leitner, piano. Decca DL 9610, $5.85.	Affectionate treatment of the text and knowing attention to nuance in the musical line cannot disguise the waver in Höngen's tones, the more than less uncertainty of pitch when the going becomes difficult. However, the disc has an unusual overside selection of four Loewe songs or ballads: "Edward" and "Der Nöck" sung by Josef Greindl, "Odins Meeresritt" and "Meeresleuchten" by Georg Hann. All are delivered with vivifying imagination. Greindl making an especially strong showing. Excellent recording for the kind of material involved.
Villa-Lobos: "A lende do Caboclo" and other piano pieces. Ellen Ballon, piano. London LS 531, $4.95.	Diverse short pieces, skilfully set for the instrument, and played with both facility and enthusiasm by Miss Ballon. Among the influences to assert themselves are those of Scriabin, Debussy, Prokofiev, and Ravel, out of which an authentic personality emerges with striking individuality and musical profile. By far the best thing associated with the pianist's name on discs, and uncommonly well reproduced. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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HITS AND MISSES

FORTHWITH some hot weather suggestions which may leave you hotter than when you started—as well as some cool jazz not bound to be exactly chilling on a summer night.

It is my considered opinion that the best classic-style female jazz shouter to be developed since the death of Bessie Smith is a lady named Claire Austin who practises spasmodically on the Pacific Coast. The evidence is, simply, the one record she has yet released: "Hot Time in the Old Town" with Turk Murphy's little band (Good Time Jazz 62, 89c). I gather that Austin is, unbelievably, a small blonde, but she is a singer of marvelous wallop and surge who will remind you of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey and whose talent, moreover, gives no suggestion that she is merely aping those great women. It is perfectly apparent that she feels that way, and we are all immediately in her debt for a beautiful version of one of the enduring American songs.

My other favorite of the month—and it has been a very decent month—is a superb treatment of Bennie Moten's old tune "South" by Bob Scobey's Frisco Band (Good Time Jazz 60, 89c). The novelty here is a vocal chorus which seems to have been written by the man who sings it—banjoist Clancy Hayes. He has fitted some highly appealing words to the happy strains, and one of his lines supplies me with an appropriate expression for the goings-on in general: "Where the easy way *is* the right way." Hayes sings like a shuffling angel, and the Scobey band continues to have all sorts of values in the way of punch, relaxation, taste, and all-around New Orleans-style virtue.

They are to be admired again in "St. Louis Blues" and "Pretty Baby" (Good Time Jazz 54, 89c) and "Some of These Days" and "Dippermouth Blues" (Good Time Jazz 53, 89c). On these last four sides the mellifluous Darnell Howard is what the English would call perfectly wizard on the clarinet. The month's southern-style recommendations conclude with a two-sided "Blues for Home" by Kid Ory, Member of the Academy, and his Creole Jazz Band (Good Time Jazz 55, 89c). Ory's trombone growls early in the session and leads on to still more blues playing in the grand manner. It is the kind of record you can pick up, unheard, with the same large confidence you would repose in a Budapest version of a Haydn Quartet. You may be fooled, but it isn't likely, and only mauve and niggling creatures would carp at your faith.

Some months ago I reported great pleasure from an album by the banjoist Blind Blake and his little string band which holds forth on the terrace of the Royal Victoria Hotel in Nassau. The gem of that collection was "Run-Come-See, Jerusalem," a highly rhythmic, religious plaint about a disaster at sea. It still strikes me as one of the loveliest ballads I know. There is nothing to match it in Blind Blake's new album, "Calypso Ballads" (Art Records AL 4, $5.95) but there is a great deal of winning music, such as one side containing three light, propulsive songs. I feel anything but expert as to the shades of meaning involved in the lyrics (printed in full, thanks to Art Records), but the first song would seem to concern a donkey who has a fever and wants water. The second number is at least explicit enough in the lines:

And after I jump through the window
I meet her with her hands akimbo
She want me for fall down
Tap my belly, make tamborina.

Blind Blake's outfit reeks of Caribbean sunlight, moonlight, and good nature.

A battle of music in modern jazz styles is to be found on the long-playing "The Modern Idiom" (Capitol H325, $2.98). There are big band offerings by Charlie Barnet, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, and Woody Herman, and small band performances under the leadership of Bill Harris and Miles Davis. There is any amount of instrumental virtuosity—and any amount of boring musical theatricalism and orchestrated be-boppery. Some very fine moments proceed, as is usual in jazz, from gifted individuals. What pleases me most is the wonderfully deft, staccato trombone invention of Bill Harris in "Opus 96," followed by some quietly cogent rhythm from string bassist Eddie Safranski and drummer Shelly Manne. The most conservative effort on the record is Woody Herman's treatment of Isham Jones's "Spain," and a very solid, handsome piece of conservatism it is.

Lester Young—"elegant and restrained."

IN the cool jazz area, the tenor saxophonist Lester Young loafs through "Let's Fall in Love" and "Thou Swell" almost as though he were playing to himself, and it is delightful to overhear him (Mercury 8963, 89¢). His phrasing, elegant and restrained, has been notable for many years now, and while he has sometimes seemed rather dry it would generally be more proper to refer to him as *sec*. The George Shearing Quintet, another cool manifestation give what is for them an unusually thermal effect in "Swedish Pastry," a jumping piece of chamber music (M-G-M 11199, 89¢), and the clarinetist Buddy de Franco leads his combination in four sides full of subtle, musicianly virtues: "Pennywhistle Blues" and "Buddy's Blues" (M-G-M 11206, 89c); "Samia Shuffle" and "Get Happy" (M-G-M 11250, 89¢).

I have confessed previously to a certain discomfort with that extraordinary pianist, Art Tatum. The profusion of his roulades, his dazzling speed, his suave crowding of practically every inch of the record surface with more notes than any other man could possibly flick in—all this racing mastery seems to me too much. I want more sense of structure and much less sense of ornament. I am no man for musical Gongorism. But Tatum is unquestionably charged with invention, and the fact is brilliantly apparent on a long-player of a public performance at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles in 1949, "Art Tatum Concert" (Columbia GL101, $3.61). Among the numbers given the full Tatum investiture are "Yesterdays," "The Man I Love," "Someone to Watch Over Me," "Willow Weep for Me," "How High the Moon," and "I Know That You Know."

—WILDER HOBSON.

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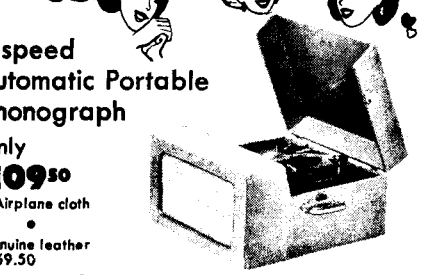

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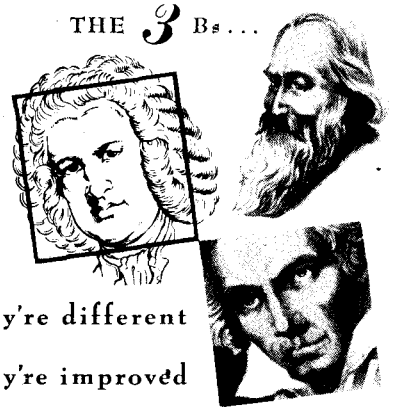

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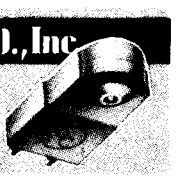

For details and literature address Department D

Points on Portables

LOOKING over the range of portable phonographs, as we do every year about this time, one thing is easily apparent: the market has narrowed down to a series of readily definable types, and prices are fairly constant among manufacturers producing the several different grades of equipment. Thus, there is a good chance that a purchase this summer is not going to seem an extravagance or a regret twelve months hence.

Top quality in musical reproduction, if not in ease of handling or light portability, still goes to the Rek-o-Kut productions, which are made for quality reproduction and do the job. The Recitalist ($229.95) and the Rhythmaster ($269) are both excellent, if a little cumbersome. At $249.95 the Recitalist offers a variable reluctance pickup instead of the crystal provided at the lower rate. Of similar good design, though not embodying all the advantageous features of the Rek-o-Kut products, is the Webster-Chicago model with changer and separate, detachable speaker ($130 for crystal pickup, $160 for variable reluctance). For slightly more ($179) Haynes-Griffin in New York markets a portable embodying the Markell changer, which plays two sides of the record without flipping or flopping. Once every couple of hours you have to get up, but how much sun can you take at one time?

If what you want is an all-in-one job that will tune in the Dodgers, play a symphony, and watch the dog at the same time, the long-time favorite is still tops: Liberty Music's Libertyphone, which is $189.50 (in cloth) for record reproducer plus AM and shortwave radio ($259.50 in leather). No Dodgers? Then you can get the excellent record reproducer without radio for $109.50 in cloth (fifty dollars more for leather). Of similar specification is the well-regarded Port-O-Matic of which the AC-DC model has special attraction for some summer travelers. In leather, also, at proportionately higher rates.

Dynavox produces something comparable, with fewer tubes and smaller speaker, at $99.95; AM radio and VM changer. At the same price, without radio, Dynavox offers a ten-inch speaker detachable from the turntable, with sixteen-inch arm. Excellent reproduction is forthcoming from the Netherlands, at $109.50, embodying a GE pickup and Webster-Chicago changer, eight-inch speaker, six tubes. Coming down the price scale into the area clearly defined as portable (all of the above, for obviously mechanical reasons, are better kept in one place than dragged around the house) there is a Webster-Chicago at $83.75 (four tubes, six-inch speaker) and a Duosonic at $69.95 (five-inch speaker and VM changer).

Those in the lower price categories are clearly made for pop records, Johnnie Ray's broken heart, and the Saturday afternoon taffy pull. For example: a Webster-Chicago at $49, with three tubes, five-inch speaker, and Astatic pickup; a Dynavox much the same at $42.95; a Music Graf at $39.95. Of course, if that's what you really want a record player for, the RCA 45 rpm self-contained changer-player in portable case at $49.95 has a lot of merit. The same model without case goes for $34.95.

An economical and satisfactory way of solving the music-in-summer problem, is to combine one of the three-way player units with a table-model radio (many of which are now equipped with the necessary "phono" jack). The best of attachments is the Webster-Chicago at $51.95. There are other makes grading down through automatic and non-automatic types from $24.95 to $17.95 and $12.95. RCA's 45-rpm player is now priced at $16.95. And if none of these satisfy, we suggest investigation of two Zenith models. Both are phono-radio, with one at $149.50 offering short wave and AM, a cheaper one AM only. They are not portable in the sense of having snap fasteners and handles, but they are good looking table models which are easily transportable.

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The Geometric Progression

A VERY considerable area of our phonographic world operates in one way or another under a frightening group of mathemetical relationships called geometric—where things increase not at a staid and fixed rate but in accelerating leaps, each vastly larger than the last. The Geometric Progression is the basic term for this kind of thing but it has many a close relative—the Law of Diminishing Returns, the Logarithmic Curve, the Law of Squares. Whatever the technicalities, the effects are dramatic without exception. That blithe area of reproduced music that we now call "hi-fi" is particularly rife with these patterns of acceleration—or deceleration.

The Geometric Progression is dangerous, because we ignore it. It applies to all sorts of ordinary things we do in daily life, but we go right along thinking in the simple arithmetical relationship where, so to speak, a spade is a spade, twice two pounds is four pounds, a fifty-mile trip is five

times as long and takes five times as much gasoline as a ten-mile trip. True enough, there are a million and one quite proper arithmetical relationships like that, but what of those that aren't?

The distance it takes to stop your car at a given speed, for instance. If you think that at twice the speed you'll need merely twice the distance to come to a halt, you'll not live long; the distance is *eight* times as far. So too with winter's skids; drive half again as fast on ice and you'll slide merely four times as far when you get started. The difference between forty and fifty miles an hour is decidedly not the same as that between sixty and seventy, as a few who have lived through the proof can tell you, for with each additional mile-per-hour the death factors jump upward more rapidly. Beware of the Geometrical Disguise. It won't cause you physical injury in the phonograph world but it may cost you pleasure.

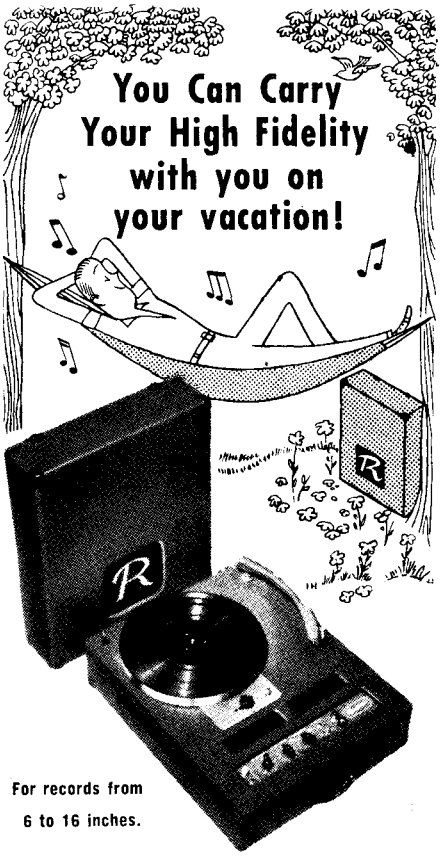
Pitch, as we hear it, is geometrical in terms of vibration frequency. Middle A is 440 cycles a second; an octave higher, eight piano keys away, is 880. Move eight more and you have 1760. Each octave rise, sounding like the last, *doubles* the frequency—merely add four more and you are far beyond the range of hearing at a fantastic 28,160 cycles. Now consider the intensely practical hi-fi aspect of this musical law. "Flat to 15,000!" proclaims an ad. "Flat to 12,000" claims another. The experts shudder—but is there much difference? In musical terms no more than a major third, three piano keys. In the upper "hi-fi" brackets the numerical frequencies are highly misleading because we use a numerical scale for a geometrical progression. The entire range of "highs" exclusive to the better new machines and records is scarcely worth an octave of good music. Perhaps, then, the fuss we make about these tones is a bit exaggerated?

You can't pin down the increase in hi-fi quality with added expenditure in any exact way. But the incontestable fact is that for each additional rise in quality the cost is greater and grows greater at an increasing rate. Divide your cash into $50 parcels and the first will buy you a lot more than the last. Quality does *not* double, nor anywhere near it, for double cost. The last tantalizing bit of perfection that means The Best is astronomically expensive in this painful geometry.

Nor does your music double in sound with double the watts of power. The geometrical disguise misleads almost all of us here. Did you think that a forty-watt amplifier gives twice the volume of a twenty watter? Not at all. The difference is only three decibels and the decibel is roughly the smallest difference in sound intensity that we can detect! Sound volume is another geometric function of our ears. The scale from the faintest sound to the loudest we can stand is about 90 db, a big scale—but its geometry is incredible. For every three decibels the power, in watts, must be doubled, low or high, loud or soft. Double a two-watt amplifier and at four watts you get a notch more loudness on the volume control. Double a forty watter to eighty watts and you get the same tiny increase, no more. And the worst of it is that the cost goes up geometrically in the other direction. Enough to make any phonophile gasp.

But the silver lining to all this is simple enough. Just look at it backwards. The less you spend the more you get—geometrically, too.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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Chicago Audio Fair

THE first venture of the Audio Fair into the mid-West in late May was successful beyond the fondest expectations of promoters and exhibitors. When the noise level at Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel had subsided to a normal Windy City roar of 60 decibels, audiophiles as well as exhibitors were agreed on two points: 1.) the paramount fact is that there was a fair here, and 2.) Chicago wants a better and bigger one next year.

Before the fair opened, promoters confessed they were flying blind. They hoped for 5,000 visitors, expecting less. But when registration blanks ran out a couple of hours after opening, they discovered what New York City learned at its first Audio Fair three years ago—that there is a good quantity of high fidelity devotees in Chicago right now and potentially a great one.

Fair attendance estimates varied from 8,000 to 12,000, with the latter figure submitted by hotel personnel accustomed to estimating convention crowds. Five exhibitors applied for space in next year's fair before this one ended.

The remarks of one exhibitor are typical: "The fair was an awakening, particularly for the boys who thought they were operating in an area of relative audio illiteracy. This is the Cinderella department of the electronic industry. We're in it [audio] now up to our ears. We want the fair to become a permanent fixture here. Frankly, I was flabbergasted at the response and so were most of the others."

There are two major audio equipment distributors for the low and middle income bracket buyer in Chicago. One has already doubled his audio section. The second, soon moving to larger quarters, plans an audio department six times larger than his present one.

Who came to the Audio Fair? Exhibitors noted approvingly that the crowd was top-heavy with middle to upper bracket professional people, both high fidelity fans and LP music lovers, the blue ribbon hobbyists. Many bright-eyed and big-eared, but low-budgeted, students also showed up. The Audio Fair caught many Chicagoans by surprise, including editors of several leading newspapers. It won't next year. The public-service offices of the papers received too many calls for details on the exhibition. A sampling of the crowd showed that visitors came from every surrounding state and from points as far away as Texas, Alabama, Florida, California, and Canada.

There was sound to please every taste and pocketbook and one that thrilled all. This was binaural, stereophonic, or "three dimensional" reproduction to which the mid-West had not previously been exposed. WGN, a 50,000-watt clear channel station, and its FM outlet, WGNB, broadcast a full hour of audio in conjunction with the fair's opening. The broadcast was sponsored by Magnecord, Jensen, and The Radio Craftsmen. Fair visitors who heard the richness, depth, and realism of three-dimension sound for the first time, particularly those who listened on earphones from Magnecord's binaural tape, walked away mumbling to themselves.

NO single stylus, amplifier, compensator, speaker, or enclosure ran away with the fair. But a number of items stood out and drew the largest crowds. Newcomb Audio Products, of Hollywood, kept the problems of the home installer in mind when designing its new direct and remotely controlled Classic series amplifiers, exhibited here for the first time anywhere. To facilitate control mounting, Newcomb provides adjustable shafts which may be extended with a twist of a screwdriver to accommodate any panel thickness up to three-quarters of an inch.

The remote tuning units please both the hassock-minded man of the house and the little woman. Finished in beautiful brushed brass, the units work up to 100 feet from the amplifier and are connected to it by a single cable. Front end filaments are D. C. With my ear jammed in the speaker, and with gain and bass boost wide open, there was no hum at all. The ten-to-twenty-five-watt systems run from $39.50 to $269.50 audiophile net.

White Sound's speaker systems, also prominently on view at the Chicago fair, are remarkably free of distortion, particularly transient. The note of a thirty-two-foot organ pipe was clean. The exhibitor claimed it was sixteen cycle! White features back-loaded, nine-foot folded exponential horns, in non-resonant cabinets that don't need a room corner to do an excellent job. The R-J speaker enclosures, exihibited under wraps at the last New York fair, caused a lot of commotion because of excellent bass reproduction despite their small size. They appeal to the devotee who must ration his living room space and who

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can use the clean lined enclosures as coffee or end tables in a pinch. Finicky listeners were particularly startled by the response of a bookshelf enclosure, eleven by ten by twenty-three-and-a-half inches, containing an eight-inch speaker.

Stromberg-Carlson, the first set manufacturer in years to produce a high fidelity package, unveiled its Custom 40 series of three matched units. On display were an AM-FM phono section and speaker housings which include the Acoustical Labyrinth. TV is matched in cabinetry but optional. All components are company made, except the Garrard changer. Audio quality is superb. The units (which may be bought separately) are large, the full-matched sets ranging from $1,000 to $1,500. However, the components are competitively priced and the manufacturer informs us that a person desiring the music reproducing unit by itself can assemble an amplifier, turntable, and speaker at about $350. TV, etc, in matched cabinetry, can be added optionally. The entry of Stromberg into this field is expected to be followed by other manufacturers now exploiting only commercial sound.

Audio package deals in all price categories were on display, but the majority were aimed at the intermediary trade. Typical was Tape Master's $180 audio bundle containing its tape recorder, eight-watt amplifier, and eight-inch speaker, all neatly packed in two carrying cases. But a better, near-professional quality tape recorder for the home was Magnecord's Magnecordette for $385.

The Weathers tone arm with one gram stylus pressure impressed many, but the nod to pickup entrepreneurs goes to Maximilian Weil, who conducted a lordly musical soirée behind closed doors on behalf of the superb Audax diamond-pointed Chromatic Polyphase and associated equipment. Record collectors concerned about preserving their discs as long as possible approved of the new Garrard stylus pressure gauge, which registers up to fifteen grams.

In retrospect, the only "gimmick" that stole the show was sound itself—good, excellent, and even superb sound. And Midwestern audiophiles applauded and asked for more.

—Anton Remenih.

Anton Remenih is assistant Radio-TV editor of the Chicago Tribune.

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WAIFS OF LP

(Continued from page 39)

cupy more than a single disc; but assuredly the greater length and the higher price would have been acceptable had it preceded instead of followed six shorter ones.

The Vox version of Schubert's wonderful Quintet in C is better than commendable. But commendable rivals already were in possession of the field, including one which had obtained very widespread approbation. *Better never than late,* for chamber music, expensive editions, and obscure items. Perhaps the ambitious, conscientious "Idomeneo" of the Haydn Society belongs in this class, although the duplication is illusory, the edition on Mercury being Wolf-Ferrari's modification designed to mold the monumental *opera seria* to the terser conventions of the modern stage. The Haydn Society album (2020) contains the real thing, an extraordinary work even for Mozart, in its proper style with the superb accompanied recitatives intact. But it is twice as long as the Wolf-Ferrari edition, and costs more than twice as much. It is a pity that it has not received the acknowledgment it deserves.

Serious phonophiles—and no one is more serious—are inclined to reject transcriptions, making exception for a few works which obviously seem to gain by a change of instrumentation—the "Hammerklavier" Sonata in Weingartner's orchestration, "Pictures at an Exhibition" in Ravel's scoring, the "Grosse Fuge" with the strings multiplied, and one or two others. The Columbia record of Smetana's Quartet in E Minor, "From My Life," in George Szell's brilliant but reverent orchestration (ML 2095), has had meager sales *because of the general distaste for transcriptions.* Here that distaste is an injustice: in its orchestral form the work acquires a vitality superior to the monochrome imposed by a quartet performance. The performance by Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra is definitive, the sound is superb. Discophiles are urged to give a hearing to this record.

The *public grumbles at incongruous couplings* (Richard Strauss backed by Oscar Straus), but will often, in such a case, buy the R despite the O if no duplicate of the R exists. Something analogous may have militated against the success of Vaughan Williams's Sixth Symphony (Columbia ML 4214). Overside we find Messiaen's "Ascension." Both work are by living composers; but people fond of Constable, Gibbon, and mutton may gag at El Greco, De Maistre, and shad.

A final cause for the failure of some records is deceptive and fortuitous, and can affect the sales of any record whatever. This is a fault in individual discs, producing special kinds of distortion. An influential reviewer influenced by such a substandard copy may innocently libel an entire edition. In justice to readers, reviewers should use their eyes as well as ears.

THERE remain some excellent records whose public failure may be ascribed to no other cause than that they must have been lost in the LP shuffle. For example, the following are musically distinguished, but blackballed by circumstances profoundly mysterious:

Gluck: Ballet Pantomime, "Don Juan." (Westminster 5028). Here are merits which would seem to guarantee success. The work is not recorded elsewhere; it is vital music by one of the truly great composers; the performance is perceptive, the recording of a high order. The two sides average about twenty-two minutes each, and background noise is minimal.

Haydn: Quartets No. 69, in E Flat, Opus 64, No. 6, and No. 80, in D, Opus 76, No. 5. (Westminster 5034). No. 80 is no less a work than the wonderful thing nicknamed "Celebrated Largo." It is still the only recording, and No. 69 had no opposition until recently. Playing and recording are expert; duration is long. Everything seems to be right for lovers of the greatest Haydn, who nevertheless have cold-shouldered it.

Haydn: "Four Notturni for the King of Naples." (Haydn Society 1023). Only one of the four existed elsewhere to challenge these at their appearance. They are not celebrated, but they combine serene mastery of sophistication posing as simplicity. The playing has a rich polish, and the sound is singularly thorough and true. There are no detrimental features, but only a handful of music-lovers have bought this record.

There are many excellent discs in addition to those examined here that remain unsung and unsold. Limitations of space prevent listing them all, but the ones surveyed are particularly characteristic, and music-lovers who find them to their liking can benefit themselves by searching through back issues of the Schwann catalogue for other lovely waifs.

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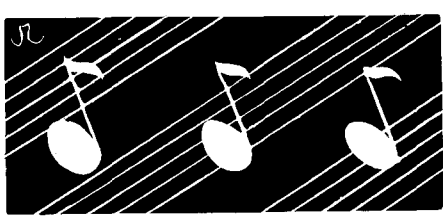
Organ by Crozier

OF ALL contemporary music, probably the least frequently heard are compositions for organ. Although the composer of a symphony will doubtless encounter more difficulty finding an orchestra to perform his work than the writer of music for a solo organist, the number of first-rate organ recitals and the number of persons who attend them is surely far less than the count of those who can attend an orchestra concert—either in person or through records or radio. It might be said also that the quantity of organ recitals of the top grade is not as great as it might be.

Some of our interesting contemporary music comes from organ composers of the French School—music characterized largely by a strong programmatic approach, a sound that we generally think of as "romantic," and by heavy technical demands upon the performer. Musically it inherits a Franckian mantle, probing, as he did, the tremendous dynamic resources of the modern pipe organ. The tone color, the combination of pipe voices, is typically French in its liberal use of exciting, biting reed stops.

At the week-long convention of the American Guild of Organists, held in Boston two years ago, a particular feature was a performance by a young woman from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, Catharine Crozier. Her program was devoted exclusively to "modern" works for organ, and the response of the audience left little doubt that she made a vivid impression. Now Miss Crozier's playing appears on three twelve-inch LP records made in Rochester under the Kendall label. One record—to my mind the best of the three—is almost a survey of modern French organ music. LP 2553, $5.95). Of the others, one is a Bach program which includes four choral-preludes and the C Minor Passacaglia and Fugue (LP 2551, $5.95), the other record offers the Reubke Sonata on the Ninety-fourth Psalm (LP 2552, $5.95).

Kilbourn Hall, the recital auditorium of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y., is not the happiest place that could have been chosen for an organ recording. The French music comes off best of all, which would lead one to believe that the instrument was built with romantic music in mind. The Bach does not come off well at all. In the choral-prelude "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein" there is a rapid figuration in the upper-register flutes that clouds up because of slow speaking on the part of the instrument. In two of these choral-preludes, however, Miss Crozier has obtained a beautiful registration that is worth remarking; lovely, clear flutes in "Kommst du nun, Jesu, vom Himmel herunter" and an almost somber feeling on "Nun Komm, der Heiden Heiland."



The Passacaglia might well be the precursor of Ravel's "Boléro" in the sense of being a "rhythmic crescendo." The Crozier aproach employs the shade pedal for dynamics, a practice which will be upsetting to the Bach students who are adherents of the "teraced dynamics" school, where increases in volume are made layer by layer, so to speak, by adding ranks of pipes at appropriate moments. In the early part of the Passacaglia the organ sounds somewhat as if a blanket had been held in front of it.

Miss Crozier's star lights up in her playing of French music. Two of the best examples are also the best known—Marcel Dupré's "Variations on a Noël," a set of nine variations on a simple theme in the Dorian mode, and Alain's "Litanies." The Dupré is a fascinating thing, blessed with a seemingly infinite variety of rhythmic patterns and contrasting contrapuntal and harmonic devices. Of the "Litanies" Catharine Crozier makes exciting listening, surely the best performance to date of this popular work. Of the same high caliber are Maleingreau's "Tumult in the Praetorium," inspired by the trial of Jesus in the governor's hall; two of Messiaen's compositions for organ, "The Shepherds" (from "La Nativité du Seigneur") and "The Celestial Banquet." Completing the disc is a "Te Deum" by the present organist of Ste. Clothilde in Paris, Jean Langlais. It has a great deal of drive and reflects much of Langlais's style of playing.

The Reubke Sonata on the Ninety-fourth Psalm is actually a free fantasia on a single theme that appears in a variety of forms. A popular recital piece by those who have the technical equipment to play it, it has always seemed to me full of sound and fury, much organ horsepower that fails to take the listener very far.

—DAVID HEBB.

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Pop Roundup

FOR fanciers of show music the season has suddenly turned bountiful. Since the birth of LP dozens of new companies have entered the field—many to explore the remote reaches of the "classical" repertoire, exploiting esoterica and finding a lucrative market for it. Strangely, it has taken the companies a longer time to get around to the obscure lyrical gems of our own popular musical theater.

Desto, a new label, has apparently elected to leap into the void. Its first release is aimed at the sophisticated and less sophisticated palates of those who savor the rich melodies and "smart" lyrics of our best light writers. One ten-inch set is, in the genre, monumental. The title is JEROME KERN SONGS PERSONALLY SELECTED FOR GEORGE BYRON (DESTO 501). About ten years ago two albums by this unique tenor were released on General Records. They featured little-known show tunes, one group by Kern, the other by Gershwin, and our copies wore white long ago. Oscar Hammerstein II has annotated this new package (with all different tunes), and relates the recent discovery among Kern's papers of a memo in which the supreme melodist listed his eight personal favorites. It was Kern's stated intention to have these recorded by Byron. Posthumously his project has been completed, and we are deeply grateful.

Byron has studied these songs seriously and interprets them in the manner of art songs, yet attributing to them no more gravity than they deserve. Stylistically he affects warmth, humor, and simplicity. His voice is live and agile. The lyrics are, in several instances, as good as the music. Several lyricists are represented. There is a delightful dilettantism about the two contributions of P. G. Wodehouse ("Sirens' Song," from "Leave It to Jane," 1917, and the hauntingly beautiful "Moon Song," from "Oh Lady, Lady," 1918). But the closest approach to pure poetry is achieved by Hammerstein in "Can I Forget You?" from "High, Wide, and Handsome" and in "The Sweetest Sight That I Have Seen,"—an unpublished work. The latter, written especially for Byron, should one day find its way into the concert repertoire.

Also on the "serious" side we have the delicate "Poor Pierrot," from "The Cat and the Fiddle," with words by Otto Harbach. In a light vein, but perhaps even more challenging vocally, Byron does "Remind Me," from "One Night in the Tropics"—a 1940 film, and an acrobatic "Up with the Lark," from the more recent "Centennial Summer." One item did enjoy fair popularity, one of Kern's last hits, "More and More." The piano accompaniment by William Roy is generally sympathetic, occasionally harsh.

THERE are two twelve-inch LP's from the same company featuring a "Cocktail" pianist, Charles Sherrill, in six excerpts from each of four great shows. One set is JEROME KERN—MUSIC FROM SHOW BOAT AND ROBERTA (DESTO 1001). The other is RODGERS AND HART—MUSIC FROM PAL JOEY AND THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE (DESTO 1002). Sherrill's style is slightly to the left of Carmen Cavallero—slightly to the right of Cy Walter. He is apparently devoted to the melodies, which he plays fairly straight, and all complete wth verses. Most of the verses are essayed *tempo ad lib*—quite faithful, incidentally, to the mood of the lyrics—while the choruses are in a dance time. There is a true novelty in the "Connecticut Yankee" set—a lovely, lilting waltz, "I Blush." This, according to the notes, was dropped from the original production during its try-out run in Hartford (1927). It was replaced by "My Heart Stood Still"!

Capitol has produced a remarkable disc production of the recently departed musical THREE WISHES FOR JAMIE (CAP S-317). This is a full, life-like package with more than a dozen tunes, an abundance of reprises, and a variety of excellent recording voices led by Anne Jeffries and John Raitt. The melodies by Ralph Blane are surprisingly rich. One, "Goin' on a Hayride," should enjoy some popularity. The others suffer slightly from lyrics that lean too heavily on such models as "Oklahoma" and "Finian's Rainbow." The tunes are fresh, however, and it is doubtful whether any disc maker has captured more successfully the flavor and vitality of a stage presentation. If Blane's lyrics were as good as his lyre, this could rate alongside the great scores of the last decade.

We can find no fault with BABES IN ARMS (COL ML 4488). The Rodgers and Hart masterpiece (Vintage 1937) has been recorded by Columbia, starring Mary Martin and others, and offering such songs as "Where or When," "My Funny Valentine," "I Wish I Were in Love Again," "Johnny One Note," "The Lady Is a Tramp," etc. Each set in this series of revivals is an improvement over its predecessors. The voices of the principals here show more contrast, and the words come across with reasonable clarity.

—*Fred Plaut.*

Mary Martin and Goddard Lieberson at a recording session—"series of revivals."

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Faked Fekete

SIR: In the May issue of the Schwann catalogue I see, to my utter consternation, that a new firm calling itself "Etude" lists the following works as conducted by me: 1.) Mozart's Fantasia, K. 608; 2.) Mozart's "Thamos, King of Egypt" (selections); 3.) Rimsky Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or" Suite; 4.) Tchaikovsky's "Tempest" Fantasia.

I have never heard of this Etude company and wish to state categorically that I have no contract with them whatsoever. Also: a.) Nos. 1 and 4 I recorded for Remington Records and it is possible that the records have been copied; b.) Nos. 1 and 4 are my copyright and the copyrights are being pirated; c.) I have never recorded, for any company, No. 3; d.) I have never in my life conducted No. 2; e.) I have never conducted the above selections with the orchestra mentioned by Etude.

ZOLTAN FEKETE.

Paris, France.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any answer, Etude?*

Bantock by Beecham

SIR: Could you please tell me if any company may be going to make a record of "Fifine at the Fair," by Granville Bantock. I heard this on a Boston radio station with Beecham conducting a BBC tape.

R. L. WIGGIN.

Hamilton, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is my strong impression that Beecham made a commercial recording of this, in the usual manner, for HMV.*

Chaliapin Discography

SIR: Do you know of any published Chaliapin discography listing all, or most, of his recordings? I should like to know where such a discography could be obtained.

DAVID HULL.

Oshkosh, Wisc.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such a discography has certainly appeared in the publication called* The Record Collector, *which is published by James F. E. Dennis, 1 Pine View Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, England. Annual subscription is $2. Single copies 1s 3d, or about twenty cents.*

"March King's" Loyal Subject

SIR: When your "March King" visited this little island away back in the dim and distant past I was fortunate enough to hear him and, need I add, immediately fell under the spell of his dynamic personality. . . . Those were the days of the old "cylinders," and at that time I bought every available march—but they had to be played by "Sousa and his band." . . . I read that, in America, Decca has issued an LP of "Richard Tauber Favorites." . . . Could not the same idea be carried out with Sousa marches from the original recordings made by J. P. S. and his band?

LOUIS A. J. BARBE.

Teignmouth, England.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Tauber and Weingartner, why not Sousa? The question would be, of course, how good the best of the Sousa band records are. Sousa died in 1932 at the age of seventy-eight; there could well be some early electrics at that.*

How About Harris?

SIR: To come to the point, why are there not more recordings of Dr. Roy Harris's work? . . . I fail to see, for instance, why Bernstein is given preference over Harris. Harris is head and shoulders above Bernstein, Copland, Britten, and many, many others. With some of the trash that is being recorded and sold so profusely, I still cannot for the life of me see why Harris is ignored. . . .

[S/SGT.] JOHN T. GROOM.

Langley Air Force Base, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have no quarrel with the justice of the complaint, but sometimes history works in strange ways. As Reader Groom doubtless knows, Harris was represented on records by major works long before any other composer of his time (Third Symphony, and Symphony "1933," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," Piano Sonata, Quintet for Strings and Piano, Quartet No. 3, "Symphony for Voices," etc.) Having profited by this favor at one time, Harris apparently must wait until the pendulum swings back again.*

J. Dodds or W. Dodds?

SIR: The picture of Johnny Dodds accompanying Wilder Hobson's article "On with the Jazz" [*SR* May 31] is not of Johnny at all, but his brother, Warren "Baby" Dodds—one of the greatest and most influential jazz drummers.

MARVIN A. BROWN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The blame might be passed along to the makers of Folkways Records, who supplied us with the photo, but we should have realized that Johnny Dodds without a clarinet could not be Johnny Dodds at all.*

FFRR X?

SIR: What you say about London's Haydn Symphony in G ("Military") is equally true of their Franck Symphony and "Symphonic Variations" on the other side. I do not think the transfer from 78 rpm was "more than reasonably successful."

ARTHUR YOUNG.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Hell hath no fury like a hi-fi fan scorned.*

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